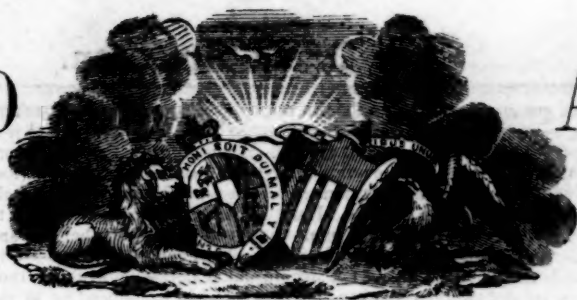


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THE HEART DIRGE.

The broken heart is a mansion drear,
A crumbling mansion old,
Where the ruddy blood creeps out in fear
From its portals dark and cold.

The fount that danced in gleesome mood
No more pours out its lays,
For deadly weeds, where the fountain stood,
Have drank youth's life away.

The fire that once so brightly shone
No more shall sparkle high,
For on the hearth of this mansion lone
Pale ashes coldly lie—

And shrouded forms in the darksome night
(The skeleton joys of old)
To glean some warmth from the ashes white
Steal to this hearthstone cold.

Oh! pity the sick at heart, and sad,
When the fount of joy hath fled,
When the fire of love that burned glad,
On the Hearth stone lieth dead.

Poughkeepsie.

J. J. C.

THE UNITED SERVICES.

SCENE.—A large room, neatly fitted up; pictures by old masters, in gorgeous but dusty frames, suspended against a rather dingily-papered wall, that affords good keeping (I do not mean preservation) with a dusky carpet on the floor. Commodore Merryheart, in slippers and shirt-sleeves, seated *a la Turque* upon a sofa, and before him a table, with pens, ink, and numerous folios of MS. Loose volumes, and a mask and domino occupying the chairs.

"Well, after all, there is something pleasant in the enjoyment of fame," said the Commodore, as he dipped his pen into the ink, and seemed preparing to commit his thoughts to paper, "and though I pride myself in having done my duty afloat, without taking it easy, yet I must admit that my simple mind is much gratified by the eulogiums passed upon the productions of my brain by the popular voice and by the public press; and I calculate—as brother Jonathan says—that I have done some service to the states—especially in my efforts to do justice to our brave seamen—for no one merits more consideration than poor Jack, whether in the King's own or in the merchant service—he was always keen in the presence of an enemy, and faithful to his country—except in some instances, when—" Here the Commodore's meditations were brought up all standing by a round turn with somebody's knuckles on the panel of the door.

"That fellow is worth a rap, at all events," commented he, and then, raising his voice, exclaimed, "Come in."

The door swung back upon its hinges, a servant entered and announced visitors, and enter a handsome noble-looking veteran, whose *tout ensemble* at once proclaimed him of the Army, and he was followed by a jolly, hearty, cordial (from the fact of his being the parent of a numerous progeny, this word might be spelt 'caudle,')—loving personage, whose laughing features, and frank and open countenance, betokened a mirthful, generous, kind, and candid spirit.

"Ha, my dear Merryheart, how are you," demanded the latter, as he hurried up to the table, and extended—not two fashionable fingers, that tapered away like a lady's bodkin—but a capacious and expanded hand, thumb and all, to the grasp of the Commodore. "Most happy to see you; and pray allow me to introduce my friend;" and slueing round from one to the other as he repeated their names, "Commodore Merryheart, Major Trencher.—Major Trencher, Commodore Merryheart."

The Commodore, without rising from his position, bowed to the Major, and the Major, bending a back as straight as the ramrod of a rifle, stiffly returned the salute. "Much beholden to my worthy friend, Admiral Sawwood for the introduction," said the latter, "great gratification—high respect for talent—sincere esteem."

Inquiries after health, prosperity, and happiness were duly made and answered by each of the trio, the two visitors having, as requested, drawn their chairs up to the table, one occupying either end, with the Commodore in the centre, not in a style resembling the "three precious Buddhas" in a "joss-house."

"You are spinning another yarn for us, I presume," remarked the Admiral, addressing the Commodore, and pointing to the folios of manuscript, "but, my dear fellow, do, pray, in your descriptions of Captains and superior officers, do pray stand by your order, and adhere more closely to the routine of the Service."

"According to my opinion," said Major Trencher, with no small degree of formality, "the Commodore has adhered, strictly adhered, to correct principles in his narratives. As a seaman his extensive practical information must be excellent—as an officer—"

Here he was interrupted by the Admiral with "How the devil should a soldier know anything about practical seamanship. You, who never embarked in your life, except when you was transported?"

The Major sat erect, and darted a keen look at the Admiral, and, whilst the Commodore smiled at the rude assault and battery on a pun, the gallant old soldier quietly observed, "I was once condemned to death, Admiral, but never to transportation. No! that would have been too great a degradation for a British officer to have survived,"—and he drew himself up with evident demonstrations of wounded pride.

"Pardon me, Major," entreated the Admiral, "I really did not intend my remark should be offensive, and only alluded to your having been cooped up in a tub of a transport, like scarlet flamingoes in a cage, when sent on foreign service. But what do you mean by being condemned to suffer death, Trencher? I never heard of it before."

"It possibly is a rather ticklish subject with the Major," remarked the Commodore with a smile; "but one thing is certain,—he will put me into an awful state of suspense, unless he favours us with the incidents connected with so serious an event."

"As you justly observe, Commodore, it was a serious event," responded the matter-of-fact Major, assuming a mournful expression of countenance, "ridiculous in its origin, but sadly fatal in its results."

"Will you indulge us, Major, with the narrative?" asked the Commodore, with ill-repressed eagerness. "That is, my dear Sir, if perfectly agreeable to yourself."

"The recollections of that occurrence are anything but agreeable to me, certainly," said Major Trencher, slowly nodding his head at nearly every syllable he uttered; "but still, amongst friends, I have no objection to render you the required information. It arose from much the same sort of affair as that mentioned by Colonel Wilkie in the United Service Magazine for October—a duel; but, unfortunately, I was a principal in it, and not a second. By the way, I may just remark that the Colonel is incorrect in more than one portion of his 'Military Anecdotes.' I do not mean incorrect as to occurrences, but in minor points. For instance, the story of the Commissary having his table-cloth and dinner swept off his table, a short time previous to the battle of Vimiera, is strictly true, but the chief actor in it was not 'Sir Rowland Ferguson,' but Sir Ronald Crauford Ferguson, the brave and worthy General recently deceased. A better man, or a more gallant soldier, never drew the breath of life,—his greatest happiness consisted in endeavours to do good to his fellow creatures—"

'Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,' and everybody loved him. Certainly he was not a man for a Commissary to trifle with,—six feet two in height, with every limb set firm and fully proportioned,—a fine figure, especially with the claymore belted to his side. I knew him well, Admiral, and called to see him a short time before his death. He was on his last bed, and it was a melancholy spectacle to witness the decaying energies and pale countenance of that veteran warrior, who had so undauntedly led the squadrons in the field; and yet there was the same kind, generous nature that had prompted him to action in his earlier days, and the same anxiety for the welfare of others: nor was it friends alone who experienced his generosity. I well remember one circumstance that was much talked of in the Army about the same time,—that is, after the battle of Vimiera, in which the General displayed a spirit and a courage worthy of a Highlander. A French dragoon officer,—a remarkably athletic and bold fellow,—led a part of his troop against the General, who, with his Aide, was somewhat in advance, but a well-directed volley drove those who escaped its effects back to the main body, with the exception of the officer, who, disdaining to flinch, resolutely attacked Sir Ronald, and would have proved an ugly customer even to that excellent swordsman; but the Frenchman's horse was shot under him, and down he came to the ground. Several Spaniards rushed forward to despatch him, but Sir Ronald threw himself before them, and protected his fallen enemy from their sanguinary attack. There can be no doubt that the French officer would have defended himself to the last but this act of Sir Ronald overcame him, he surrendered, and was sent to the rear a prisoner."

"Now you are upon the subject," said the Admiral, "I too can point out a mistake of the Colonel, in which he attributes the slang expression, 'How are you off for soap?' to the ladies of Portsmouth frequently repeating to the Navy blades, 'How are you, officer?' which was corrupted, 'by a slight elision,' to the saying in question. Now I have always understood that it originated at a period of great distress to the working classes, when soup establishments were opened by charitable persons, who gave tickets to the meritorious poor, in various parts of the kingdom. The cry then was, 'How are you off for soap?' and as many individuals were supposed to come the old sodger, and exercise blarney over the donors of that article for the purpose of obtaining it, the means thus used was called 'soaping'; so that the response to 'How are you off for soap?' generally was, 'How are you off for soap?' But these things are not material, and, Major, pray let us have your story, which must be infinitely more interesting."

"The affair took place at a county town of Ireland, during the Rebellion of 1798," said the Major. "I had just been gazetted, by purchase, to a Lieutenancy in the —th; a regiment that was particularly obnoxious to the inhabitants of that part of the country, and they manifested their hostility by practising every act of annoyance within the compass of their power. If the officers rode out singly to any distance from the dwellings, they were sure to be attacked with stones; and even when two or three were together, they frequently experienced the same treatment, without ever being able to discover the assailants. We were shunned by the principal people in the place, and volleys of abuse were occasionally poured upon us, at every safe opportunity, by the lower orders; so that our situation was by no means enviable. General instructions from Dublin Castle utterly prohibited retaliation, for we were not only directed to refrain from doing anything that might tend to increase the irritation of the inhabitants, but also exhorted to behave with the utmost forbearance in personal matters, for the purpose of evidencing a conciliatory spirit. We were wholly excluded from dinner parties, card parties, evening concerts, and all those enjoyments which sweeten the toil of a soldier's life, nor could we attend the theatre without being hooted at and insulted by all classes. Thus circumstanced, we sought for amusement amongst ourselves, and now and then, when occasion served, by playing off a practical joke upon the enemy. Our Colonel was a noble-minded fellow, who felt indignant at the disadvantages under which we all laboured

and when any of his 'lads,' as he called us, got into a scrape with the natives, he was always ready—under the rose, though—to lend his best aid to help them out of it; and no one was more desirous of friendly feeling amongst the officers, or more eager to promote hilarity at mess. And he had several unruly tempers to deal with, for three or four sons of titled and wealthy Irishmen had joined, and were extremely impatient under restraint. One of these, Ensign G—, had, in a somewhat especial manner, conceived a dislike to me, but from what cause I never could learn. He was a high-minded, self-willed, thoughtless young man, and perhaps my staid and sober habits did not accord with his views of enjoying life—at all events, he embraced every chance of annoying me, and with just sufficient dissimulation to make it appear accidental. Of course I avoided him as much as possible, through an earnest desire not to break in upon the tranquillity of the regiment; and I fear he construed my quiet demeanour into apprehensions of his personal prowess."

"That has been too often the case with rash-headed youths," remarked the Commodore, "and they never can fall into a greater error than when they suppose that a peaceable man is deficient in courage—the reverse has generally been found to be the fact."

"I can bear testimony to that in the person of my friend here," said the Admiral—"he's as inoffensive as one of Noah's doves, when not provoked beyond endurance; but once stir up his mettle, and his determination is as unmovable as the rock of Gibraltar, and as high as the Peak of Teneriffe."

"A grand simile, Admiral," responded the pleased Major; "but perhaps I have in my composition rather too much of dogged determination, that for the time tends to blind my understanding, and obscure my judgment, however much I may wish to do right. It is not improbable that in the instance which I am relating, this gained more ascendancy over me than deliberate prudence would sanction. However, you shall hear my story, and then form your own opinions. It was the season of the year for the assembly-room to be crowded for dancing and cards—the annual grand ball, to which admission was to be gained by tickets that could be purchased at the libraries; and as all the handsome females of a neighbourhood famous for pretty girls, were expected to be present, you may be certain that it was somewhat of a matter of natural consequence for the lads of the —th to indulge an ardent desire to join in the festivity; but on making application for tickets, none could be procured either for love or money—the library-keepers declared that they were all sold, though they stared everybody in the face at their shop-windows—even the contractors, who served the barracks, on being asked to procure them, shook their heads as if the thing was impracticable, or should they comply, it would draw down vindictive and summary vengeance upon themselves, which might ruin them. The awkward predicament we were in was extremely tantalizing to the youngster—and we had several fine dashing fellows as Subs—therefore, numerous engines were set to work, in order to procure the necessary aperient to the portals of the assembly-room. One or two broke through the general orders to appear at all times in regimentals, and went in mufti to the libraries; but it would not do; 'Tickets all sold, Sir,' adding by way of cauterizing wounded feelings, 'Very sorry, Sir—very sorry indeed at your disappointment, as there will be a perfect concentration of beauty—some of the finest and most lovely girls of the Emerald Isle'—and then in a whisper—'All to ourselves, too—the red coats are not to be admitted. I regret it Sir, but it cannot be helped—though perhaps you may be fortunate enough to get one from a friend.'"

"How very unpleasant to be treated with such discourtesy," observed the Admiral—"Zounds, I should like to have clapped them alongside; it must have been extremely galling."

"No doubt, bitter enough," chimed in the Commodore, as he scribbled some memorandums on a sheet of paper; "but I hope you boarded the floor of the ball-room, and made the leaders walk the plank."

"You shall hear," continued the Major, in his quiet way. "It certainly was exasperating, but hot blood is not easily tamed; and as there was no scarcity of cash—a mighty operating power with Paddy, tickets were at length obtained, though not all by purchase, for some of the boys had made due impressions on the sensitive bosoms of a young lady or two of the expected party, and they received tickets, under cover of course, without presuming to guess from whom they came. The evening arrived; there was not a lad amongst us but had got his card, and even the veterans resolved to vindicate the honour of the regiment by attending in full dress to attack the old dowagers' aces and deuces; and all agreed to do the amiable in the best possible manner, neither giving nor returning offence. Our intention to visit the assembly-room was kept perfectly *au secret*; so that nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Stewards when nearly thirty 'good fellows and true, in the flaming attire of the corps—which has not been inaptly described as a flash of lightning, turned up with brimstone—appeared at the portal. The door-keeper was perfectly astounded at such an unexpected fiery presentation; he tried to bar the entrance, but there was the evidence of his own senses, that the tickets were correct, and it was no easy affair to arrest the advance of so many resolute blades, with legal authority in their hands. He begged for a moment's delay, to call the Stewards, as he declared himself 'assured there was something wrong, and really it must be all a mistake.'"

"Lay howld of the tickets, you Cerberus," exclaimed Capt. R—, in a commanding tone, as he thrust his card forward to the half-paralyzed door-keeper.

"Faith, then, an it's not meself as is Sir Burrows at all, at all, responded the man, "but it's Mither Mac-manus I am, at your service, and proud to make your acquaintance, so I would,' adding in an under tone—'divel burn the whole biling of yez—what brought you here?'"

"Come, come, it is impossible to stand waiting all night for admission," said a young Sub, who was certain that his lady-love was in the ball-room, and felt impatient to join her before she could select another partner; 'we shall jeme to the charge directly.'

"Arrah, gintlemen, I've no charge again you," returned the door-keeper; 'you've paid for your tickets, and that includes tay and coffee, but not supper or wine, which is charged extra.' The officers pressed forward, and the man uttering 'oh, wherras thrue—wherras thrue!—what'll I do?' was about to yield the point and pass us on, when his alarm was somewhat relieved by the approach of no less than half a dozen stewards in full fig, with white favours on their breasts, and white wands in their hands, who having demanded what caused the disturbance, when there was actually no disturbance at all, commenced a running fire with their tongues, all jabbering together, which we returned by volleys, insisting upon our right to be admitted in virtue of our tickets; and as we clearly had the law (a potent auxiliary with an Irishman) on our sides, after some further altercation, the main body followed the advance, and in a few minutes more—bearing the stewards before us—we had not only made good our lodgment on the counterscarp, but also penetrated the citadel itself. The music was playing up with great vivacity, 'Go to the devil and shake yourself,'—the dancers were in full swing, jiggging it merrily, as if in compliance with the

polite request of the squeaking cat-gut. The room was well filled by spectators, who had not space to join in the perpetual motion, when suddenly the fiddles shrieked—the ladies screamed—the men swore by this and by that—the votaries of Terpsichore no longer indulged their trotters, and all was in the utmost confusion, as they beheld the scarlet abomination that presented itself to their observation, driving in the baggage-guard of the stewards. Two, three, four entered—another and another still succeeded, till we had all displayed ourselves, and Captain R—, in the name of the rest, expressed the most grateful acknowledgments to the stewards for the very handsome mode in which they had introduced us to the ball-room. The female portion—and certainly there were many of Ireland's fairest daughters there—quickly retired to their seats; but by the sparkling of bright eyes that flashed upon us with ill-repressed delight, it was plain that there were not a few who considered our intrusion in any light but that of resentment or anger; yet, on soliciting the favour of a fair partner in the dance, every one of the regiment met with a decided refusal, though it was apparent that regret sat upon the countenance of more than one or two lovely creatures, who actually declined dancing at all. The cut was a most decided one, and it was extremely ludicrous to witness the brevity of conversation, even when it was possible to get something like a civil reply. As for the officers, though the young admirers of beauty were deeply mortified, yet no one betrayed his feelings, and we endeavoured to appear as much at our ease as if we had received the greatest courtesy; and as it was impracticable to get a lady to stand up with any one of us, we took each other for partners, till the thing grew so perfectly ridiculous, that it was abandoned for cards and drinking, so that by the time supper was announced, four or five of the —th were elevated nearly to the altitude of Mahomet's paradise. Elbows were crooked—the support of arms was offered to the fair sex; but it produced no other result than the same chilling coldness.

"On reaching the supper-room, we found every place preoccupied; and though repeated endeavours were made to gain a seat, yet neither that enjoyment, nor anything delicate to eat and drink could we obtain. At last, some of the youngsters set out a table in the ante-room; the waiters were well tipped; and as they brought up the courses, they were promptly lightened of their burthens, and we turned to with a hearty good will; the wine shared the same fate; the supplies were stopped for the large supper-room, till our own wants were satisfied. Remonstrances and threats were equally futile: the youngsters carried on the war with vigour; and when dancing was resumed, instead of standing as idle spectators to watch the prettiest ankles in the world, they continued at the board swallowing bowl after bowl of whisky-punch, till almost frantic; general orders and regimental minutes were alike disregarded, and nearly the whole were ripe for mischief. I had left the place with some of the senior officers soon after supper, and quietly retired to my bed, where I slept soundly till the drums beat for early parade, at which every officer attended, (not in the soberest mood to be sure,) except Ensign G—, and a report was circulated that he lay dead at the Assembly Rooms. A Corporal was dispatched to ascertain the fact, who shortly returned with a confirmation of it, and that he was stretched out upon the table with a white sheet over him. The Colonel was much shocked when this information was conveyed to him; and consulting with Captain R— (to whose company Ensign G— was attached), the latter was requested to take a party and bring the unfortunate deceased to the barracks. A mournful expression of grief, not unmingled with remorse, was marked upon almost every countenance; and though the Ensign was no great favourite in the corps, yet his untimely dissolution—and on such an occasion too—awakened sentiments of regret, as well as unpleasant apprehension that the cause and its consequences would be the means of attaching discredit to the corps, and afford an opportunity of triumph to its enemies. For my own part, I experienced sincere sorrow, and I never more heartily forgave offences against me—in fact I began to think my own conduct had been somewhat too harsh and austere towards him.

"The regiment was dismissed, when a coach drove slowly into the barrack-yard, and in it was Captain R—, with the body. The vehicle drew up at the officers' quarters; all the windows were crowded—a melancholy stillness prevailed in every part of the building, as the deceased was lifted out and carried to his apartment. The Surgeon was in attendance, as were most of the officers off duty. There was a peculiarly pallid hue upon the face of the young man—a chalky whiteness, such as I had never before witnessed on a corpse; and as the Doctor bent down and looked at it, his usually rigid features relaxed into something like a grin; and laying his hand upon the seat of life, the Colonel eagerly inquired, 'Any hope, Doctor—any hope!' The breathless silence was profound whilst awaiting the reply. The medico's phiz assumed a rueful appearance as he shook it; and the Colonel added, though scarcely able to articulate,

"Poor lad!—poor lad!—is he then—is he —?"

"Dead!—dead!" answered the Doctor; 'Yes, Colonel, dead drunk by

"A look of mysterious meaning passed amongst several of the officers, which grew into a smile of pleasantry, as the Surgeon declared, 'There was no danger, and a few hours of steady application would perfectly restore him.' He then took out his handkerchief, and wiped the face of the Ensign, which immediately removed the unnatural whiteness, for it was caused by the rubbing on of flour dust. As all apprehensions were thus removed, we left the room, and being joined in my own by a brother Sub, he related to me that G—, having become extremely noisy and annoying to every one, efforts were made to get him away from the Assembly Rooms, but he persisted in remaining, and got so completely intoxicated, so as to fall and roll under the table, where he continued for a time, till the spirit of devilry seized the others. They raised and stretched him out upon a sideboard, floured his face, got a pillow for his head, and a sheet to cover over him, and left the unfortunate lad to his fate. At parade, however, when the report of his decease was made to the Colonel, it caused considerable alarm to those who had been more immediately engaged in perpetrating the trick; which alarm, you may conclude, was greatly diminished by the avowed opinion of the Doctor; though, from the well-known pugnacity of G—, a display of severe resentment was expected, which might lead to unpleasant results.

"I was sitting reading in my room about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and a brother officer was with me, when the door was thrown violently back, and in rushed G— with a heavy stick, which, without uttering a word, he whirled round his own head, and then aimed a blow at mine, which must have quieted me for a time, if it had not actually fractured my skull; but springing from my chair I evaded it. Before, however, I could close with him, the weight of the weapon, impelled by his muscular arm, descended on my shoulder, so as to cause a serious contusion, and to inflict great pain. I caught up a chair to defend myself, till the officers quatered near, hearing the rattling of the stick against my shield, ran in, and the Ensign was secured, and forced back to his room. At first he was supposed to be insane, and I believed it to

be the effects of animosity to me, preying upon a diseased mind; in fact, I would rather have put that construction upon it than any other, as it would have saved me from consequences that I could not contemplate without acute distress. But, unhappily in this I was disappointed; and his subsequent conduct rendered it impossible to avoid that which unfortunately followed. It is true that I might have had recourse either to military or civil law; but I was young, and in a service where the shadow of a doubt thrown upon a man's courage, was tantamount to dismissal from the army. I need not, however, enter upon an explanation of these things to you, gentlemen. Your own experience must have instructed you in the nature of those feelings which produce hostile meetings, especially in the professions to which we are attached. Suffice it to say we met, and Ensign G— fell mortally wounded."

A marked indication of sadness came over the face of the veteran Major, as he paused and gave vent to a deep-drawn sigh, that almost amounted to a heavy groan. Busy remembrance was, no doubt, actively engaged upon the past, and it is not improbable that imagination was picturing his fallen adversary as he laid bleeding on the field. The silence, after the lapse of a minute or two, was broken by the Admiral, who said in a tone of inquiry—

"But surely you was not tried under such circumstances as these; and more especially, no Court could ever have sentenced you to death!"

"I was not brought before a court-martial," responded the Major, mournfully; "for on quitting the ground with my second, we were both arrested by the police, and conveyed to the residence of the nearest magistrate, who at first manifested a disposition to admit us to bail; but intelligence was brought that poor G— was no more, and after a remand, we were fully committed for trial on a charge of 'murder.' It is a fearful thing, gentlemen, to be incarcerated within the walls of a prison with such an accusation pending against you; particularly amid a population that was eager for your conviction, and would have shouted with gratification, could they have insured your execution."

"Could you not have got removed to another part of the kingdom, under the plea that it would be impossible to obtain a fair trial where you was?" inquired the Admiral.

"No! an effort was made to that effect; but either prejudice, or some other cause, defeated the application," answered the Major. "It is true that during our confinement we experienced the kind commiseration and attention of our friends. Every preparation was made for our defence; our brother officers spared neither expense nor pains to place the affair on the best footing; but that which seemed most inexplicable, was the cause that Ensign G— had, or imagined he had, for his assault upon me. I had given him no provocation whatever; but previous to his death he would allege no reason for his outrageous behaviour, and the matter would have rested in utter obscurity, but for a circumstance I shall presently repeat. The Colonel felt keenly for our situation; but his position as being in command of the regiment precluded any open interference. Still he made representations in high quarters, which it was hoped would tend, if not to secure an acquittal, at least to mitigate the punishment, and my own immediate relatives exerted themselves to the utmost. The best counsel that could be procured were fed to defend us, and certainly our case appeared to be anything but hopeless. For two months we remained in prison; and I own that I experienced greater distress at the thoughts of having sacrificed a brother officer, than I did when contemplating the prospect of suffering for it."

"It was a painful situation to be placed in," said the Commodore, apparently playing with his pen in scratching upon the paper. "Young officers are awkwardly circumstanced; for though they may be perfectly brave and ready at all times to meet the enemy with undaunted gallantry, yet if they refuse a challenge, and which their conscience tells them they ought to do, it is followed by a punishment that is worse than death to a high-spirited and sensitive youth; and as in your instance, if it is not declined, and death ensues, the victor is liable to be arraigned before a legal tribunal, unacquainted with those peculiar principles which necessarily must govern the rule of action in both the Navy and Army. At the bar one learned friend abuses another learned friend in the most unfriendly manner imaginable; but that is taken as a matter of course, and coarse enough it is at all times. I remember being once at the County Court, in a large provincial town on the Midland Circuit, when nearly the whole day was occupied in trying the warranty of a horse, the late Baron V—, then a Serjeant, being engaged on one side; and the late Mr. C—, King's Counsel, and a Welsh Judge, was retained by the other party. The latter never undertook a case that he did not fully identify himself with his client, and the wit of the former, who was, perhaps, one of the best judges of a horse amongst the legal profession then in existence, as Serjeant A— is now, will not be forgotten by those who have heard him cross-examine a witness, or address a Jury in a horse cause. It happened that a venerable old Veterinary Surgeon, of the same name as Mr. C—, was put into the box to give evidence, and his manner of answering interrogatories, as well as his respectable appearance, made a great impression on all present. This was eagerly seized hold of by Serjeant V—, who in his last speech commented upon it to favour the plaintiff, and run on a long string of humorous witticisms, which applied equally to the defendant's counsel, Mr. C—, and to his namesake the Veterinary Surgeon. The Court was in a roar of laughter, the Jurymen shook their sides, and even the gravity of the bench gave way before the irresistible drollery of the Serjeant. Mr. C—, a fine-looking old man himself,—in fact, one of the last of old English gentlemen,—sat for some time full of impatience, and with flushed cheeks; but to the surprise of those who were aware of his characteristic irritability, he said nothing. At length, unable to contain himself any longer, and rising up to face the learned Serjeant, he clenched a fist, nearly as large as a baby's head, and shaking it close to his opponent's nose, ejaculated, with great indignation, 'Mr. Serjeant V—, you are a disgrace to your profession!' Now had language of a similar kind passed between officers of either Service, the consequences would have been unavoidable; but here, although so public, it was merely considered as a good joke. But I beg pardon for delaying your narrative—the subject of duelling led me beyond my intention—pray favour us by proceeding."

"Make no apologies, Commodore," returned the Major, "you have drawn the line of distinction extremely well, and I am obliged to you for allowing me time to overcome feelings that often oppress me when I refer to this unpleasant transaction. But to keep you no longer in suspense—the Assizes came on before a Judge, whose views of the code of honour were entirely blinded—whatever palliations there might be,—by the code of law and criminality,—if I may be permitted to use the term,—he was a stern, austere, hard man, and his political tendency in more than a small degree inclined towards the rebels, although he punished them with the utmost severity when convicted. Never shall I forget being placed like a felon at the bar—every drop of my blood quivered—every muscle of my body shuddered—and when I beheld a crowded audience, who, with eagerly straining eyes were witnessing my degradation, my heart sickened, and I was near falling prostrate; the voice of the Clerk of Arraigns

reading the indictment aroused me, and I listened attentively to every word. After the inquiry, 'How say you, prisoner, are you guilty of the charges brought against you, or not guilty?' I responded in a firm voice, 'Not guilty,' and my companion in tribulation did the same. The Jury, after numerous challenges on both sides, was impanelled, and the trial commenced. As it proceeded I gained more stability of mind, till I had attained my usual quiet demeanour. My fellow-prisoner was restless and irritable, and I soon ascertained that amongst the beautiful women who were seated in the gallery was a fair damsel with whom I knew he had covertly plighted troth; her full blue eyes, wet with the dew of affectionate sympathy, were earnestly fixed upon her lover,—her hands were pressed together, and her whole figure resembled an exquisite statue of intense solicitude with care and anxiety enveloping the brows.

"I will not repeat to you the minutes of the trial. Circumstances were brought forward in evidence that were founded on misrepresentation, for the friends of poor G— exercised a vindictiveness that was characteristic of anything but a Christian spirit, and they let slip no means that might tend to criminate and convict us. The fact of repeated quarrels with the unfortunate deceased was exaggerated, and as one second was then a prisoner at the bar and the other a compulsory exile on account of his connexion with the duel, we had no witnesses to bring forward relative to the fairness of the proceedings on the ground. Nor could the origin of the affair, namely, the unprovoked assault upon my person in my own room, be detailed, as the very individual who was with me at the time was the friend who subsequently acted as my second, and was at that moment standing by my side. Our counsel exerted themselves to the utmost. We made our defence, and stated every particular: and our candid statements, delivered without attempting to palliate, appeared to make some impression on the Jury; but this was quickly obliterated when the Judge summed up, so decidedly averse to us, that, as far as the verdict was concerned, I felt satisfied as to what the result would be; nor was I mistaken. Whether the Judge really acted from what he supposed to be upright and impartial justice, or was influenced by his close intimacy and friendship with the noble family to which poor G— belonged, I will not now take upon myself to say, but it was not difficult to perceive the effect his address produced upon the twelve men on whom our future fate depended. Gentlemen, the Jury withdrew from the public court, and were absent two hours. Whether the time was occupied in deliberation, or was a mere pretext to make their verdict appear to be the result of it, I cannot determine. But, oh! the agony of suspense that we endured during the interval—it was worse than all the rest. For though we tried to converse, and even speculate on their decision, yet the mind reverted, if I may use the expression, back upon itself; and though I felt convinced what the verdict would be, yet the dawns of hope would at times increase into greater brightness,—but it was that sort of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. At length the Jury returned into court. I exhorted my companion to arm himself with firmness—appear calm—and, anticipating the worst, to hope for the best. This plan I strove to adhere to myself, but awful, indeed, were the moments when the Foreman, having taken his place in the box, fixed his eyes on the Judge, and awaited for the rest of the jurymen to take theirs. A breathless silence prevailed. The eager look of every individual in court was bent upon the man who, by the advice and concurrence of his fellows, stood ready to pronounce our destiny. I gazed with the utmost intensity, grasping the front of the dock with both hands; I dug my nails into the wood; the blood seemed to be stagnant in my veins, and yet the palpitation was so violent that I could hear the beating of my heart. There was a degree of strangulation in my throat; and yet I have been told since that my countenance, though pale, was tranquil. The names of the Jurymen were called over. It was something to hear a human voice amid the desolation that was gathering around me. As soon as the ceremony of mustering was over, the Clerk of Arraigns demanded:—

"How say you, gentlemen of the Jury, are the prisoners at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"For an instant the stillness was, if possible, more profound, and I verily believe not a breath was drawn by one of that crowded audience. The Foreman slowly bowed his head and responded in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper, and yet painfully distinctly audible, the word—'Guilty.' I felt a rush like a torrent through my whole frame; my knees shook and trembled, that they would scarcely sustain my weight—a convulsive respiration was simultaneously emitted by the spectators. My fellow-prisoner looked up to the gallery—the beautiful creature on whom his warmest regards were centered, uttered not a word, she was tranquil, but it was the tranquillity of a corpse—she had fainted. All this appeared to occupy some time, but in reality it was the work of an instant, for we heard the Clerk of Arraigns repeat the terrible word and exclaim:—

"That is your verdict, gentlemen, and so you say all."

"The Foreman again bowed, and there was a movement on the bench. Every eye was directed to that quarter, and a cold sick shuddering came over me as I saw the Judge, with an awful solemnity of countenance, place the black cap upon his head. What he said I do not remember. His speech seemed to occupy an age, but all that I could understand was the sentence of death, and to be hanged. My companion was almost stunned; he grasped my arm with the grip of a vice. I whispered to him, 'Be firm,' pointed to the Colonel who was near to us, and in a moment he was cool and collected. The word 'to be hanged by the neck,' rung in my ears, and imagination instantly pictured a gibbet, with thousands of gaping spectators witnessing my disgrace. I tried to address the Judge, but before I could accomplish it we were removed from the bar.

"I shall not enter upon any detail of occurrences after our condemnation. The anguish of friends who visited us—the wringing of hands at parting—the sympathy of all, mingled with the horrors of everlasting disgrace—to be suspended in the air like a rabid dog—oh! it was terrible—it was dreadful. Our friends, by dint of earnest application, obtained a respite of the sentence for a few days. Something had occurred in mitigation, but we knew not what—another respite was granted—hope revived, but yet on what grounds we could not tell—the rebels had been punished without mercy—to spare an officer of the Crown whose life had become forfeited by the decree of his countrymen, would be considered an act of gross injustice, yet still we clung to sweet soul-soothing hope that the bitterness of death might pass from us; a fortnight elapsed, and it grew stronger. A special Court of Inquiry was ordered to sit in the barracks, to investigate every particular. This was done by the Commander-in-Chief, and it was elicited, through the voluntary acknowledgment of a young Sub, that he had informed poor G—, on his recovering from intoxication, that I had been the chief instrument of his disgrace at the assembly-rooms, not only by my counsel, but also by my having aided in laying him on the table, and this had caused the desperate assault which I had received from him. Why the narrator of this untruth should have given such false information to my antagonist can only be attributed to a love of mischief, for otherwise he was an inof-

fensive, harmless, young man. The inquiry terminated greatly in our favour; and, after laying a month in prison, from the period of our condemnation, a royal pardon came down, and we were once more free."

"Hurrah, old boy, I knew you'd escape," exclaimed the Admiral in ecstasy, forgetting at the same moment that the Major's presence was the strongest proof, "but what became of that poor girl?"

"Alas, alas," uttered the Major, mournfully, "she fell a sacrifice to her affection. After hearing the sentence, the bloom forsook her cheeks never to return; the blight was on her heart, and she withered like a lovely exotic exposed to the chilling influence of a wintry blast. Poor W—, my fellow-prisoner, hurried to her the moment he was liberated. He was saved from death, but the summons had gone forth that was to mingle her remains with its kindred dust. A few hours after his arrival she expired in his arms."

MOSCOW.

FROM "PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXCURSIONS IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA"—BY LIEUT.-COL. G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.

* * * * * The next morning, accompanied by an intelligent *valet de place*, who acted as guide, I proceeded to the Kremlin, that old and venerable pile which, though centuries upon centuries have elapsed since its first erection, yet still remains a monument of imperishable fame; to the stranger from the eventful record bequeathed in the fearful episode of the French invasion, and to the native Russian, as the revered, and almost in his estimation, the sacred structure, connected in his mind as the seat of their ancient Czars, with all the glories, triumphs, and grandeur of the Muscovite sovereigns from the remotest period.

On entering its thick, massive walls, I first proceeded to the Tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great; and having dragged myself to the top (its great height, and my having been so long in a travelling carriage, entitling me to make use of the phrase,) after a pull, which led me to hazard the surmise as to whether the Russian government ever compelled persons to make the ascent as a substitute for the treadmill; within a few seconds of the splendid panorama around me bursting upon view, soon lost all recollection of every thing, but the grandeur and magnificent spectacle upon which I gazed.

Churches, palaces, mosques, pagodas, and pavilions, with their gorgeous and glittering domes and golden spires, mixed with gardens, majestic trees, shrubberies, and buildings of every description of architecture, the elegant Grecian, the massive-Gothic, the fantastic Chinese, and the graceful Saracenic, in the midst of which wended the noble waters of the Moskwa, all formed a tableau, which the imagination perhaps may readily conceive, but which it would be difficult for the ablest writer effectually to describe. For nearly an hour I remained rooted and fascinated to the spot, and at length reluctantly turned away.

At the foot of the ancient tower stands an object, which, if not among the most beautiful, certainly claims some degree of pre-eminence among the most singular and wonderful subjects for curiosity and observation in the capital,—I allude to the Great Bell of Moscow, which, like the tower itself, is called after the same monarch, John the Great.

This enormous mass of metal (which, as the Persians would say, stands the undisputed father and grandfather of all the bells in the world, before and since its creation) was a short time since, by order of the indefatigable Emperor, after considerable difficulty, and a period of immense labour, raised from the pit into which it was supposed to have fallen, and had lain in all probability from the hour of its first being constructed.

I have said supposed, having heard it questioned, even among Russians themselves, as to the possibility of its ever having been actually suspended at all, or whether the situation from which it was excavated, was not the bore in which it had originally been cast.

The height of this stupendous object is rather more than twenty feet, and from seventy to seventy-five in circumference, while the extreme thickness of the metal is scarcely half an inch short of two feet. The entrance is formed by a crack in one of the sides, large enough for the admittance of a full-grown person, the when and how which occurred, at the present period it is of course impossible to discover.

I lingered so long in the tower and the bell, that I was obliged to make all speed back to the hotel to keep my appointment at the General-in-Chief's, where at dinner I had the good fortune to meet, and be introduced to the gentleman exercising the office of Director and Superintendent of the Treasury, who, with the utmost politeness, himself volunteered to act in person as my cicerone, in exhibiting the vast wealth and singular curiosities of that extensive museum, for so indeed it might the more properly be termed.

The hour fixed was eleven the following morning; and punctual to the appointed period, I presented myself at the entrance, where I found my friendly conductor already awaiting me.

The first part of the exhibition was comical enough, and consisted of all the Imperial state coaches from the earliest period that such a conveyance was first introduced into the Russian empire, some of which, in point of size, paint, gilding, and oddity of appearance, altogether rendered the venerated state carriage of the Lord Mayor of London, as a model plain, neat, and light in comparison; indeed one, which in point of size, resembled a moveable barrack, had a table laid down the centre, as if the conveyance had been constructed on the principle of a travelling hotelier.

But carriages, every thing else in the world indeed is momentarily forgotten, on ascending, by a superb and magnificent staircase, into a suite of rooms containing what at a first glance appears a mélange of riches, far exceeding what the fabled narratives of the Arabian Nights, Nourjahad, and other oriental traditions have so gorgeously, and brilliantly portrayed.

The thrones of several of the most powerful and illustrious of the Czars, the most conspicuous among which are those of Ivan Veliki, Boris, and Alexius; the first of highly and curiously-wrought ivory, richly inlaid with the most costly arabesque work; while those of the two latter are composed of a mass of the most precious gems. The crowns of the various kingdoms subjugated to, or owning the supremacy of the Russian sway, Siberia, the Cazan, Astrachan, Georgia, the Crimea, and last, ill-fated Poland;—from these, the eye turns again to sabres, poignards, pistols, all inlaid and glittering with jewels, coats of mail, armour, equally bright and resplendent, till at last, fairly sated and wearied with the dazzling splendour around, it turns and alights upon an object, which at once arrests its attention, and forms a melancholy contrast to the scene which I have described.

It is the portrait of a man in the undress uniform of a Russian General Officer, whose very handsome pleasing features, blended as they are with an expression of absolute command and authority, accustomed to the most implicit obedience, prove irresistibly attractive.

At the foot of the picture, a full length of the size of life, rests a small chest, on which are deposited two large keys, and beside it again, on either side, are placed several standards, gravel-stained, torn, faded, and bloody, tokens of their

having been the guiding star and rallying point of many and many a well-fought, hardly contested, and sanguinary day.

The portrait is that of the Emperor Alexander; the torn and trampled banners, those of an heroic, devoted, and chivalrous army, whose courage, discipline, and glory, *now* belong alone to the past,—while the box at the base of the picture contains the charter and constitution of the country to which that army belonged, (laid, as their conquerors intimate to the passing traveller, at the feet of him who gave it,) deserted and unhappy Poland.

Ay, let the heart writhe and wither at the spectacle; let the spirit of self-abasement and reproach crush the soul of the Gaul and the Briton as he gazes on it.

Insult, vituperation, and the most malignant calumny has been showered upon Russia and her Sovereign—and for what reason? The Muscovite and the Pole, from generation to generation, have been the open, avowed, and bitterest hereditary foes of each other from the earliest period; is it therefore a matter of surprise that the former seized the opportunity of finally crushing and overpowering the enemy from whom she had suffered so much, and upon whom she herself had inflicted such an amount of injury, as made her aware of what would follow, should the hour of retaliation ever again arrive?

But whither had the spirit of the lion and the eagle fled? and whence originated the craven and dastardly feeling that pervaded the councils of both nations, which, while it suffered a gallant and heroic people to be crushed; and overwhelmed by their powerful opponent, without striking a blow for their rescue, yet discharged every shaft of envenomed malice on the latter nation and its ruler? What verdict, also, it may be asked, will future ages return, when, in after years, it peruses the tale of this sad history? That, as far as regards Russia, ambition, necessity, perhaps, even her very safety, gave a colour of justice to the adoption of the course she pursued; but with France and England alone rests the blame of her success. Their interests, their honour, every sacred tie of human nature, bound them to assist, in their desperate struggle, the last remnant of that chivalrous people, who, under their renowned and gallant Sovereign, had preserved the Christian world from the yoke of the Ottoman; but they stood tamely and listlessly by. The nationality of Poland became extinct for ever, and the Minister of that nation, for whom in former days she had sacrificed everything—her blood, her treasure—and the flower of whose soldiery fell ever in the front fighting her battles—the last who adhered with unshaken loyalty and devotion to their imperial leader in the wane of his fortunes; it was left to that same Minister, who had himself combated by their side, under the same banner, to announce the event as productive of satisfaction and congratulation to his Sovereign and country. Peace to their memory.

But while thus rendering justice to this ill-fated land, to her chivalrous enthusiasm and her martial fame, it must not be concealed that all her misfortunes, all her calamities, originated in her own ungovernable feuds and dissensions. Had Poland been true to herself, the combined efforts of the confederated Powers at the period of the first coalition never could have made any impression upon her nation and government; but even in that last sad, dismal tragedy, (and what a salutary warning to other nations does the lesson convey,) treason was at work among her ranks in the very midst of the walls of her beleaguered capital, and her latest moments embittered by her unholy and malignant party feelings served but to accelerate her final doom.

I turned from thence into the Kremlin, and having called upon the Baron de B—, the *Maréchal du Palais*, to whom I had been kindly furnished with letters of introduction by his nephew, Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission in Teheran, he, very kindly, sent an intelligent guide to accompany me over the ancient palace of the Czars.

This singularly interesting and antique building was, during the period I was at Moscow, under repair, and filled with workmen of every description, it being the Emperor's wish that the whole should be completed as early as possible. The grand hall and several of the adjoining chambers were already finished, the good old Russo-Tartaric style being strictly adhered to; indeed, in my humble estimation, in no respect has the Imperial Sovereign of this vast empire exhibited such good taste and so strong a national feeling, as in this preservation of character, regarded by his people almost with a feeling partaking of religious veneration, and applicable, indeed, to every building within the walls of the Kremlin, which itself may be termed a small city within the circle of a larger one, and which, there is little doubt, was originally constructed (similarly to most Asiatic capitals) as a safeguard for the Sovereign and his court.

Its form and appearance is very irregular; the walls, which are of great height and immense strength and thickness, being jumbled together, no two sides of the same uniform length; but once within, nothing can be more beautiful: the gilded cupolas, spires, and minarets, blended with churches and convents, scattered in various tableaux, lending to the entire scene a character at once striking and imposing.

Throughout the principal court are ranges of cannon, trophies of the French invasion, and gazing around, the spectator is almost at the moment tempted to execrate the memory of Napoleon; not for his ambition, the monarch's allowed pastime, in which the world alone are the players and losers—not for his evil destiny, which led upwards of half a million of his fellow beings to perish amid the snows of Russia—but from the wanton and malignant spirit which induced him, on commencing his retreat, to order the destruction of the Kremlin, by undermining and blowing it into the air; a measure which, alone frustrated by its immense strength, and utterly unproductive of any good whatever, can only be viewed as a paltry and pitiful attempt at revenge on a brave and patriotic people, who had so nobly withstood the efforts of a foreign invader to subjugate their country.

And yet, overpowering this, as well as every other feeling, a far stronger one possesses the traveller—a description of awe-struck wonder, as he reflects upon the mighty genius—the master-mind of the imperial military chieftain. Too surely, and with even *more* than his usual degree of accuracy were his calculations made, and one and all throughout the Muscovite empire admit, that had he but succeeded in maintaining himself in the capital till the spring, he must have succeeded.

But the mandate had gone forth; the judgment of a far higher power was interposed to strike him from the zenith of fame and eminence he had attained, and exhibit to mankind the moral lesson that, unequalled as had been his rise, his decline and fall was to prove yet more singularly rapid. The usual period of the setting in of winter is generally about the end of November. In this eventful year it fell nearly *two months earlier*, and that with a rigour and severity none throughout the empire ever remembered to have previously witnessed.

At Vitepek, too, he halted; orders were issued for the army's going into winter quarters, barracks were constructed, stores for the commissariat erected, and the termination of the campaign for that year formally announced to the troops. But his destiny led him on, and after some days of restless anxiety, as if the foreboding shadows of coming evil crossed and disturbed his mind, he at length issued the fatal order to march, but previous to its publication called

a council of war of his ablest and best officers, his tried friends, and early companions in arms.

They were, *one and all*, opposed to his intended onward movement, and though the Ministers and Generals of Napoleon have invariably been charged, and perhaps with justice, of being too ready on all occasions to coincide with his views and opinions, instead of offering their own, it must be confessed that this instance offered a marked exception to the usual rule, and their opposition to the measure was so universal, and, towards the conclusion of the debate, made with such obstinacy and urgent entreaty, that while it irritated and startled Napoleon, as blending ominously in unison with his own misgivings relative to the fatal issue of the enterprise, yet in no way caused the slightest deviation from his determination to advance.

One very singular piece of information has recently come to light relative to this memorable invasion, and which, though in direct opposition to the opinions previously entertained, is now very generally believed throughout Russia: I allude to the conflagration of Moscow, which it now amounts almost to a certainty was not the work of the Russians themselves, an assertion fully borne out by a publication not generally known, but whose author, as the Governor of the city at this period, undoubtedly ought to be considered as the first authority on the subject, and who expressly declares in the work in question, that the burning of the city was *not* premeditated, and further, that the Government had no cognizance or knowledge of the affair in any way whatever.

It therefore may not unreasonably be as much charged to the wilful carelessness of the French themselves as the Russians; and once commenced in a city constructed at the time almost entirely of wood, the strong wind, which according to all accounts, was blowing at the time, might at once, without the least assistance, have carried it into the heart of the city.

The amount of damage sustained by this terrible event has been variously estimated. Count Rostopchin's narrative says, that including Government buildings and offices, upwards of thirteen thousand dwellings were destroyed. Other accounts mention full three-fourths of the entire city as having been burnt to the ground. All parties, however, agree in one point, viz., that to whatever extent the conflagration may have been carried, the loss it occasioned, in a pecuniary point of view, fell little short of ten millions sterling.

One circumstance, strongly corroborative of that part of Count Rostopchin's history, as to the fire having originated undesignedly, may be here mentioned, and which is, that on the re-entrance of the Russian forces into the abandoned capital on the retreat of the invaders, the numerous bodies of the unfortunate inhabitants, which were dug out of its ruins, afforded pretty strong evidence that this fearful calamity must at least have come upon them unawares.

Next to the ancient palace of the Czars, the building possessive of the most attractive influence is the old Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the coronation of the Emperors up to the present period invariably takes place, and regarded by the inhabitants of Moscow as the holy of holies: it was founded and endowed as far back as the year 1325. The interior presents an odd mélange of paint, gilding, and mosaic, all jumbled together; indeed the reputation of the benefice seems chiefly to lie in its being said to be possessed of several relics of the very highest sanctity. The screen, however, which guards the sanctuary is certainly of a most superb description, being covered with solid plates of gold and platinum, curiously and elaborately carved and executed; how it ever escaped the prying eyes of the French I never could understand.

From the old Cathedral I proceeded to view another curiosity, a source of attraction for all ranks, classes, and nations to gaze and stare at—I allude to the enormous gun, which is exhibited as the largest in the world. Having, however, many years ago in India beheld the one mid the ruins of the far-famed city of Bejapoor, which is of much greater length and magnitude, with a truly English spirit of gratification I at once worried and annoyed two elderly gentlemen with amazing long great coats, and almost equally long beards, who spoke a little French, by a declaration of the intelligence, and who, in return for my gratuitous information, if they did not wish me at the devil with their lips most assuredly seemed by their expression of countenance to desire my presence any where but in Moscow.

In passing out of the Kremlin this morning, I emerged for the first time by the Sacred or Holy Gate, through which none, not even the Emperor himself move except uncovered. On the Russians themselves there exists no necessity of impressing the remembrance of this solemn etiquette; with strangers, however, the case is different, and as a quiet and most effectual method of admonition, the hat or head covering of the person, either through ignorance or carelessness omitting to comply with the customary formula, becomes the fee of the sentry on duty, who consequently is ever vigilantly on the alert to detect and pounce upon a defaulter.

I raised my own foraging cap with all due reverence as I entered the gateway, and it struck me slightly, very slightly, that the sentinel, as he presented arms, cast a scrutinizing and half-longing glance at its embroidered binding, evidently deeming it would have been a capital prize.

Several legends are vouchered for as the origin of this devotional custom, but the one most generally received and credited is, that after the last desperate and sanguinary struggle which expelled the Poles from Moscow, the bodies of the citizens and nobles who had fallen in the conflict were collected and buried on this spot.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIEGE OF CADIZ.

Cadiz rises from the ocean a very City of the waves; for its white buildings and dazzling light, its blue sky, and transparent sea, confer a silvery splendour that recalls the *beau idéal* of oriental scenery. Three of its sides are washed by the sea, to which it opposes a lofty wall, based on the rock; but these walls are constantly worn by the heavy waves of the Atlantic which break on them. On the land front, a triple line of fortifications extends from sea to sea; and from thence it communicates with the insulated tract called the Isla de Leon, by a narrow causeway, or sandy tongue, of nearly five miles in length. Before noticing the formidable obstacles which its situation and resources opposed against the besiegers, it may not be quite out of place to mention, that the city is nearly in the form of a square, the sides of which are about one and a half English mile; so that with the addition of refugees and allies to its own considerable population, there was very little room to spare, and its aspect was anything but the "jocose Gades" which Martial celebrated. The streets are not wide, but clean, lighted, well paved, and tolerably regular. The best of these is the Calle Ancha, and the handsomest square is the Plaza de San Antonio. The houses are lofty and well built, in a Moorish style, with a patio, or central court, and flat roofs, with a mirador, or turret, commanding a view of the sea.* The upper floors are fitted with large closed balconies, and the

* We have been assured on the spot, that the miradores, ramparts, and roofs, were crowded with anxious gazers during the battle of Trafalgar, for a severe impression had been made at Cadiz to man the fleet. The contending ships were not visible, but the roaring of the distant cannon excited the most intense anxiety; no hope of conquest was entertained.

lower windows are barricaded with strong iron gratings, inasmuch that each dwelling is a separate castle, and capable of military defence; but the appearance is gloomy, and less attention is paid to the cleanliness of the entrances than to that of the streets. The chief buildings are the great hospital, the Aduana, or custom-house, the churches, and the convents; the number of which latter is not so great in proportion to the population as is usual in Spanish towns, but the proportion of hospitals and charitable institutions is greater. It boasts of two cathedrals, one of which, called the *new*, was still unfinished, though commenced in 1722,—but this Iglesia Mayor is a grand and costly pile, both in plan and materials, being 340 feet long by 220 wide. The light-house forms a very conspicuous object on the west of the city, the lantern being elevated 172 feet above the rocks on which it is skilfully built, whence its light is visible to ships in the offing at the distance of six leagues. Between this and the grander houses, is the Alameda, a public walk, planted with trees, which grow as well as they can in so saline an air, and is furnished with marble seats. The whole of the ramparts which surround this compact city, form also a series of agreeable promenades. A very commanding view is obtained from the lofty signal tower in the centre of the city.

Such was the crowded representative of Spain in 1810; and in it were comprehended the flag—the name—and the undying principle of a great nation. In this capacity its portrait must be drawn in another style.

Leon is a kind of triacrian island, separated from the main land by the Rio de Sancti Petri, which, though designated a river, is, in fact, a narrow channel, with a strong tide running through it, and nowhere fordable at the lowest water. This island was entirely deserted in the seventeenth century, and there was scarcely a house upon it; but its principal street had now become nearly a couple of miles long, with a population of 40,000 people, and numbers more were crowding thither from all parts of Spain. This street is broad and clean, and, in fact, constitutes the town of San Fernando, which is, however, more usually called Isla, for the other streets are small affairs, and the portion which was to be San Carlos is a plan in ruins. On the north the island has the inner and outer harbours of Cadiz; the Atlantic ocean the south and west, and the Rio de Sancti Petri on the east. The outer harbour is a spacious bay entered between the city and the opposite town of Rota, which is five miles distant, and the anchorage is protected from the long swell of the Atlantic by the sunken rocks Cochinos, Puercos, Diamante, and Galera. The Puntalenbaya, or inner harbour, is an extensive broad of water when the tide is in, but the only channel for mooring ships is a narrow chasm in the mud from Forts Matagorda and Puntales, which defends its entrance, up to the Caraca. The Rio de Sancti Petri runs from the Caraca to the ocean, in varying breadths from two to three hundred yards, defended by a number of batteries on both banks, as well as by some works on a small islet near its southern outlet. A single bridge crosses this channel, the Puente de Zuazo, boasting a Roman foundation; it is a plain stone structure, which consists of three arches, but on this occasion the centre arch was demolished, and a drawbridge substituted: the south parapet wall was pierced with embrasures for heavy guns to enfilade the Rio on the right, and its approach from the province was defended by a *tête-de-pont*, consisting of two detached stone bastions, both of which mounted five Spanish 26-pounders in each face, and three in each flank, communicating with strong retired curtains and redoubts, which must have been stormed successively to gain the bridge. Numerous wet ditches, some of which were palisaded, and the great extent of swampy ground in front, with a natural barrier of deep salt marshes, as well as artificial pans, only passable by a few narrow, broken, difficult paths; while the whole plain being destitute of houses or trees, rendered the approach extremely hazardous and difficult. The island was also prepared to meet the extremity of the bridge being carried; redoubts were judiciously placed, the important heights of the Gallineras well fortified, and some excellent batteries and field-works thrown up on every point of importance from the Puente de Zuazo to the Torre Gorda. Midway between the latter and the land-front of the Cadiz fortifications, the Cortadura was cut across, and a formidable work, called the Castle of San Fernando, was constructed across the isthmus, from the inner harbour to the sea. This was esteemed an undertaking of such importance, that people of all ranks and conditions worked at it, in the hope of its being fully capable of resisting, even after the defences in front should have fallen into the enemy's hands: and it was still independent of the lines of the city. It was, indeed, an imposing fortress, with an exterior of two hundred and sixty yards to its principal front; and composed of two demi-bastions, a curtain, a wide dry ditch, a covert way with a place of arms in the centre, and an extensive glacis. The height of the walls, exclusive of the parapets, was twenty-two feet, the parapets were twenty feet thick, and twenty-one heavy guns in the curtain, enfiladed the line of approach along the causeway from Isla; which narrow pass was, at the same time, flanked by a Spanish flotilla of gun and mortar-boats, under the command of Admiral Valdez, a man alike remarkable for his patriotism, bravery, and misfortunes. The troops, at this time, consisted of 16,500 Spaniards, 4000 British and Germans, and 1700 Portuguese, the Spaniards alone forming the garrison of Cadiz, while the allies defended the outposts.

Such were the obstacles which Marshal Victor had to overcome, before King Pèpe, as the Andalusians called him, could feel the crown safe on his head. The French, however, had been equally alert in completing the blockade of Leon by land, and in improving the defences of Fort Santa Catalina, and the batteries of the Trocadero, and in constructing additional works along the whole line of coast. A considerable flotilla was under preparation at San Lucar; and the seamen trained to gun-boat service at Toulon, and who had been employed on the Danube in 1809, had already arrived to assist in the reduction of Cadiz.* The colours of Joseph Bonaparte—Spanish with a black eagle instead of the Royal Arms—were floating over the fortresses, and those batteries nearest to Matagorda and Puntales, opened their fire upon them, by way of trying their tools, and agitating the Spaniards. On the 10th February, 1810, General Soult sent a summons to the Duke of Albuquerque to surrender Cadiz; at the same time inviting him to a conference for settling the terms. The truly noble Duke sent an appropriate but indignant reply, stating that with his magnanimous allies, he feared nothing for Cadiz from the efforts of 100,000 French; and that he would decline the conference to which he had been so obligingly invited, until, by the removal of the foreign troops, he should be in a situation to accept it properly. On the 20th of April, besieging artillery and a reinforcement of troops arrived at the French lines, and Matagorda was vigorously attacked. This fort was defended by a party of British troops, under the command of Captain MacLaine, and some seamen and Marines, who spiritedly maintained the post until it was no longer tenable. On the 23d April, at two in the morning, the French opened a fire with red-hot shot on the Spanish line-of-battle

* These vessels were also recruited by numbers of the watermen from San Lucar, Chipiona, S. Maria, and other parts of the coast, who are not rated high for patriotism, whence the proverb, *Gente de costa, todos ladrones*. The prejudice must have been of long standing, for mine host who knighted Don Quixote "was an Andalusian, born on the coast of San Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus."

ship *San Pablo* and the gun-boats stationed near the fort, and forced them to quit their position, after which they bombarded Matagorda, and the fire was continued on both sides till night. The enemy had twenty-one heavy guns and eight mortars on the Trocadero, at a distance of only eight or nine hundred yards from the fort. The works being totally destroyed, Major Lefebvre, the commanding engineer, slain, and one half of the people killed or wounded,—the commanding officer received an order to retire, which he did, blowing up and destroying all that the fire of the enemy had left uninjured. Nor must it be forgotten, that during this attack, the wife of an Artilleryman so ably distinguished herself, that General Graham—now alive and hearty, Lord Lynedoch—boasted that the mountains of Caledonia could produce heroines, as well as the walls of Saragossa.

On this success the enemy erected new works, and large rafts were constructed on the canal of the Trocadero; and a daily exchange of shot and shells were kept up between that side and the opposite fort of Puntales, a work on the salient point of the Cortadura, and, as its name implies built upon piles. Thus was opened the iron shower which this old fortress had to sustain during the whole of the siege, and never was garrison more actively employed in returning fire, repairing damages, making traverses, and forming fascine bomb-proofs, than the British Artillery in Puntales. Poor Lieut. Brett, whom we well remember, after having more cannon-balls whiz at him, and more shells cracked over his head, than any man in the Army, safely saw the siege raised, but was killed by an accidental shot on the bridge at Seville, in August, 1812. Matagorda had been so mauled, that it remained untenable by either party: it was a mere heap of rubbish.

Meantime Admiral Purvis had been very actively employed. Eleven or twelve British and Spanish line-of-battle ships were lying as near to the city as the depth of water would admit; and at least three hundred merchant vessels, of different nations, were crowded together between them and the shore. He manned a division of Spanish gun-boats with English seamen, and therewith annoyed the French posts along the bay. These operations were interrupted on the 7th of March, by a tremendous gale of wind, in which four Spanish ships of the line, one of 100 guns, and a Portuguese 80-gun ship, were driven on shore near Santa Maria, and totally lost, together with upwards of thirty merchant ships. Both English and French exerted themselves in saving the crews, and the greater part of the hulks were burnt. It was on this service that the boats of the *Triumph*, 74, contrived to get a large quantity of quicksilver out of one of the wrecks, which they carried on board their own ship, and stowed in the bread-room: the quicksilver was in bladders in small barrels, and the barrels in boxes. Yet somehow or other, mercury to the amount of several tons, broke adrift and was speedily diffused through the hold, and in consequence, so severe a scourge of salivation and pyalism ravaged the ship, that she was obliged to be sent off the station.

The wreck of these ships led to a serious disaster. A large portion of Dupont's army, with other French prisoners, were confined on board the ships which had surrendered to the Spaniards; and there the poor devils endured ill-treatment of every description from their infuriated enemies. Numbers sank under the weight of ill-usage and starvation, and when they died their corpses were thrown overboard, without any precaution, so that they loathsome floated backwards and forwards with the tide, as many of the readers of these pages will remember. Having observed through the gratings the activity of their countrymen, when the above-mentioned ships drove ashore, they determined upon the desperate expedient of beaching their floating prisons, and thereby regain their liberty. The plan was matured, and ably executed; for in the night between the 15th and 16th of May, during a fresh westerly wind and a making tide, they seized upon the Spanish sentinels, many of whom were instantly sacrificed, cut the cables, and drifted ashore close under the besiegers' batteries on the Trocadero. While this was being executed, the alarm was given, and the gun-boats, under Lieut. M'Meehan, attempted to regain possession of them; but on arriving alongside the lofty hulks they found the ports down, their laniards cut off, and the whole side smooth, so that they were beat off with very considerable loss, much of which arose from shot being thrown down upon them. The principal hulk was that fine ship the *Argonaute*, 74, which grounded between Matagorda and the bar of the San Pedro river, where a dreadful scene took place; on the one hand the besiegers using every exertion to save their countrymen,—on the other every effort being made to destroy them. Numbers were slain; but it is reckoned that about 2000 gained the shore.

This was the state of affairs when Sir Richard Keats arrived at Cadiz, in July, 1810. He found the exposed road swarming to excess with every sort of craft, from a first-rate to a wherry,—men-of-war, store-ships, transports, victuallers, merchantmen, coasters, and bean-cods, all in promiscuous higgledy-piggledy confusion. His first care, therefore, was to thin the over-crowded anchorage, and to remove beyond the reach of danger such of the Spanish men-of-war as were either inefficient, or not required for the defence of the place. Two first-rates, the *Santa Anna* and *Prince of Asturias*, were equipped in the best manner that circumstances permitted, and sent to Cuba, under the conduct of Captain Cockburn, in the *Implacable*, 74, and several line-of-battle ships were sent to Minorca.

But this was not the only care of Sir Richard. His intelligent scan soon saw that the enemy must be unremittently annoyed, or, as he expressed it—diverted. With this view, while the Spanish ships were being got ready for removal, a combined expedition, under General Lacey and Captain Cockburn, landed on the coast to the eastward of Huelva, on the 23d of August, and made a vigorous attack on a strong corps of cavalry posted at the town of Moguer. The enemy, not being prepared for such a visit, were soon dislodged, but rallied again in the neighbourhood, and attempted to regain their ground. Worst of all, however, in every attempt, they ultimately retired to Seville, in no small confusion. The loss of the Allies was inconsiderable, and General Lacey expressed himself in terms of admiration and gratitude at the able co-operation of the British officers, seamen, and marines. This expedition, and others subsequently undertaken, together with the constant harassment by the armed boats, are proved by intercepted intelligence to have given the most serious molestation and inquietude to the enemy. In one letter it is remarked that "when the annoyance received from these expeditions, the flotilla, bombs, and fortifications, is considered, it may rather be said that we are besieged, than besieging Cadiz." Nor was this all: the besiegers wore but ill supplied with provisions, and exposed to incessant attacks of Guerillas, who seemed to start up and disappear by magic.

It was, however, evident to the Admiral that the most efficient force for frustrating the enemy's designs, and to act against the naval force which they were preparing at San Lucar was the flotilla, and he determined upon so organizing it that it should be truly formidable. He manned what gun-boats the Spaniards could spare from the ships, and on his representations a company of shipwrights was sent from England to construct others, under the inspection of Messrs. Hyde, Gill, and Turner. A flotilla establishment was also formed at

Gibraltar, in co-operation, and it was placed under the superintendence and command of that excellent officer, Commodore Penrose, who soon equipped and sent a quota of nine effective, rakish craft, which, with those constructed by the English workmen, and what were lent by the Spaniards, soon amounted to thirty vessels. The flotilla was most ably and gallantly commanded by Captains Robert Hall and Thomas Fellowes; and, after their promotion to post rank by Captains Thomas and Carrol; the whole under the constantly vigilant eye of Sir Richard Keats. This division, whose conduct gained it the appellation of "fire-eaters," was consequently on the alert, and actively employed alongshore in retarding the progress of the enemy's works, while the gun-boats, manned by the Spaniards, were moored to cover the works of Cadiz and the Isla.

Notwithstanding that the gun and mortar-boats were continually endeavouring to prevent the French from advancing with their works, they had, by the middle of September, completed the Castle of Santa Catalina, so that it was capable of firing twenty-four guns upon the harbour of Cadiz, and nine in other directions. It had also four heavy mortars mounted. Thus qualified for offence, they threw about their shot in a lively manner, but without demanding much attention till the 20th, when they excited the greatest astonishment by throwing red-hot shot as far as the shipping, a distance of at least three miles. This was probably effected by giving the guns an extraordinary elevation, with an increased charge of powder. By their hissing noise and plunge in descending, they were considered to fall from a vast height; and one which struck the Spanish line-of-battle ship, *St. Elmo*, bearing Admiral Villa-vicencio's flag, close to the Milford, passed through the fore-castle and main-deck nearly vertically. This provoked a return, and a general firing took place around the bay, and the bombs played away into Catalina; during the night the atmosphere was singularly lighted by the fuses of the numerous crossing shells from the Trocadero and Puntales.

But the most engrossing topic of discussion at this time, was the long-expected assembling of the Cortes in Leon, an event which it was hoped would heal many of the wounds of Spain, invigorate her councils, infuse energy throughout, and, above all, crush the odious Junta, who had worried the high-spirited Albuquerque to death. On the 24th of September, this auspicious event took place, in the Consistorial Hall, among the *Vireas* of the Spaniards, the acclamations of the allied armies, and the royal salutes of the Spanish and English men-of-war, which were all dressed with flags. The presence of the estimable Bishop of Orense, was most gratifying: it was he who had generously fed, clothed, and lodged at his own expense, three hundred French emigrant priests during the sanguinary times of the revolution of 1792; and he had written a masterly letter to Napoleon, which but few of the spectators present had not read and admired. It was indeed a joyous day,—and as if to stamp its success, the *San Pedro de Alcantara* arrived in the bay, and anchored just as the roar of *Viva la Nacion*, announced the sitting of the Cortes to have commenced. She was from Lima, with a valuable cargo, and specie to the amount of several millions of dollars.

These rejoicings had scarcely ceased, when it was discovered that a pestilential disorder had broken forth, which many attributed to the over-crowded state of the place, and others considered as a punishment for having elevated Blake to the Provisional Regency. It happened to be of the same type with the fatal fever which desolated Cadiz in 1800, and not at all occasioned by marsh miasma. In consequence of this, the Admiral issued an order on the 28th, by which the communication between the British squadron and the shore was suspended. Exigencies of service, however, required its speedy repeal. On the day that the order was given, the *Rodney*, 74, was proceeding out of the bay with the Spanish line-of-battle ship *El Vincedor*, in order to escort her to Port Mahon, when Catalina opened a heavy fire on them in passing, and soon afterwards threw red-hot shot among the shipping. This provoked a brisk return from the bombs, for about two hours without intermission, when the fire ceased on both sides.

In order to check these ebullitions of Catalina, a night attack was made on the 2nd of October, by the bombs, flotilla, and rocket-boats. At half-past ten in the evening, after Captain Saunders, of the *Atlas*, had made all the preliminary arrangements, a furious fire was opened of shot, shell, and Congreve rockets, and maintained with spirit till after midnight. The French seemed surprised at first, but soon returned the fire, with red-hot shot and shell; and maintained it till after the boats had retired. A sensible effect, however, was produced on the fortress, which was set on fire in two or three places; and next morning it was observed that the walls thereof had suffered greatly from the bombardment and a subsequent explosion.

As if in revenge for this act, a lively fire was opened from Puntales and the Spanish advanced division of gun-boats, upon the Trocadero. On the 5th, the flotilla took their stations, and played away upon Forts Napoleon and Louis, until they were recalled; the first was a strong earth battery near Matagorda, mounting sixteen heavy guns and four mortars; the latter a point of the Trocadero islet, and mounting fourteen guns, two mortars, and two large howitzers, on the face next to Puntales, with about the same number of cannon to fire on the inner harbour. In this affair, the Spanish division of gun-boats under Commodore Maurelli bore a part, and acted with vigour and promptness. But a little confusion occurred in the night intercourse, the parole being George the Third, and the countersign Fernando Settimo. The latter was easy enough to both parties; but the former, in broad Spanish, was downright Shibboleth. We happened to go on board the Commodore's boat that evening, and there heard of a dashing though vengeful affair which had happened on the preceding Saturday. The enemy had just completed, at great risk and labour, a fascine and earth battery in advance of their lines across the Salinas, under Chiclana. After midnight a body of Spaniards marched over the bridge of Zuazo, who completely surprised the enemy, spiked their guns, and—by way of example—gave no quarter!

There was smart work almost daily between the batteries and the gun-boats; and it was observed that the former were always more active when Marshal Soult visited the besiegers, than when his oar was laid in. It was now discovered, by means of a Spanish officer who had escaped from Santa Maria, that Victor's scheme of forming a flotilla on the Guadalquivir, was actually realized, and that he hoped—vain hope!—thereby to push his views upon Cadiz. But the tidings kept us all on the alert, and though the equinoctial gales set in pretty heavily, all the bays were continually scoured. On the 28th it blew so fresh from the south-west, that the flag-ship made and repeated the signal for the flotilla to seek shelter. In obeying this signal, one of the finest boats, the *Camperdown*, struck on Los Corrales, a reef between the mole and Puntales, when fourteen men and a midshipman perished miserably, being almost beat to pieces in the heavy surf which breaks on those rocks in such weather. Lieutenant Style and eleven men were saved by clinging to the wreck, till daylight brought boats to their aid.

The French determined to take advantage of this weather, the wind blowing

exactly right for ensuring them a quick run; and under cover of darkness, their gun-vessels escaped the notice of our cruisers off the Guadalquivir. An alarm was given in the night of the 1st of November, by our guard-boats; the "fire-eaters" were forthwith on the alert, and every exertion made to intercept the enemy. But they were well handled and piloted, and when morning dawned, eight spanking gun-boats were seen going into the Guadalete, where being protected by Fort Concepcion, several redoubts, and a corps of horse-artillery on the beach, they could not be prevented from gaining Puerto Santa Maria. One indeed got on the bar at the entrance; and though she was then within grape-range of the others anchored within, and under fire of the forts, she was most gallantly boarded and burnt by the guard-boats under Captain Ranier, of the Norge, covered by the advanced gun-boats, which sent many a shot, as a salute, at the anchored new-comers, killing several men, and wounding many.

On the following day, it was discovered that the remainder of the Guadalquivir flotilla had sought refuge at Rota. Three of the bombs and a division of gun-boats were immediately ordered off that port; but the north-west gale had now set in so strong, with thick hazy weather, that Captain Fellowes thought his vessels were liable to founder if kept in so exposed an anchorage. On this they were ordered to move further in for shelter, but to hold themselves in perfect readiness for weighing and for action. We well remember that eventful day. Hardly had the gun-boats brought up near the shipping, when about three o'clock in the afternoon, on the clearing up of a squall, the San Lucar gun-vessels were discovered running along shore before the wind and tide. Several guns were fired from the flag-ship, and signal made for a general chase, and never were vessels more promptly under every stitch they could carry, than the gun-boats: but such was the rapidity of the enemy's advance, under the circumstances described, that the pursuit was a stern-chase, and from the short distance they had to run, not one of them could be taken. In attempting to turn the headmost vessel, Lieut. Leake was killed, and Lieut. W. Hall and ten seamen were wounded. But the French sailors had a cheerless induction into their new sphere of action, for from their being exposed to the bows of such of our chasing boats as got up, they received both damage and loss.

The arrival of this long-talked-of San Lucar flotilla in Puerto S. Maria, occasioned a surprising sensation in the city of Cadiz: the inhabitants of which—almost forgetting their pestilential fever—were apprehensive that a descent would soon be effected near Puntales, although its defences had been so greatly improved, that the result of such a step need not have been much dreaded. Sir Richard Keats, however, seeing that such an event was within the scale of probability, took advantage of the alarm to get the isthmus in the rear of Puntales still further strengthened with some respectable field works. Intelligence, subsequently intercepted, proved that post to have been a meditated point of attack: still it would have been a desperate throw. There were, however, partisans in the city on whom Victor relied, and the knowledge of this made our chiefs redouble their vigilance, and look to those points whereon implicit dependence could be placed. The Spaniards felt this rotten spot in their principle, and were as eager to find out the traitors as were the British. One unhappy hidalgo was detected firing a rocket-signal from his mirador, and was forthwith hurried to the garrote, in the iron collar of which his life instantly paid the penalty of his offence.

The state of affairs at Cadiz was now most interesting, not only to the Peninsula, but to Great Britain, and to the world. In the spring of that year (1810,) Lord Wellington had officially pronounced his opinion, that there would soon be no resistance to the French troops in any part of Spain, excepting at Cadiz; adding—"But there will be no obedience, and there will remain an universal disposition to revolt, which will break out upon the first, and every, opportunity that will be afforded by the absence or the weakness of the detachments of French troops, which must usually be kept in all parts of the country for the ordinary purposes of government, and, in the end, the French yoke must be shaken off. This disposition of the people will be much encouraged by the continuance of the contest at Cadiz."

We must now see what became of the San Lucar fleet.

[To be continued.]

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

A hearty breakfast of tea, butter, Indian corn bread, and steaks, increased my strength so much, that I was able to mount my mustang. I had still pains in all my limbs, but we rode slowly; the morning was bright, the air fresh and elastic, and I felt myself gradually getting better. Our path led through the prairie; the river fringed with wood, on the one hand; the vast ocean of grass, sprinkled with innumerable islands of trees, on the other. We saw abundance of game, which sprang up under the very feet of our horses; but although Bob had his rifle, he made no use of it. He muttered continually to himself, and seemed to be arranging what he should say to the judge; for I heard him talking of things which I would just as soon not have listened to, if I could have helped it. I was heartily glad when we at length reached the plantation of the Alcalde.

It seemed a very considerable one, and the size and appearance of the framework house bespoke comfort and every luxury. The building was surrounded by a group of China trees, which I should have thought about ten years of age, but which I afterwards learned had not been planted half that time, although they were already large enough to afford a very agreeable shade. Right in front of the house rose a live oak, inferior in size to the one in the prairie, but still of immense age and great beauty. To the left were some two hundred acres of cotton fields, extending to the bank of the Jacinto, which at this spot made a sharp turn, and winding round the plantation, enclosed it on three sides. Before the house lay the prairie, with its archipelago of islands, and herds of grazing cattle and mustangs; to the right, more cotton fields, and in rear of the dwelling, the negro cottages and out-buildings. There was a Sabbath like stillness pervading the whole scene, which seemed to strike even Bob. He paused as though in deep thought, and allowed his hand to rest for a moment on the handle of the lattice door. Then with a sudden and resolute jerk, bespeaking an equally sudden resolution, he pushed open the gate, and we entered a garden planted with orange, banana, and citron trees, the path through which was enclosed between palisades, and led to a sort of front court, with another lattice-work door, beside which hung a bell. Upon ringing this, a negro appeared.

The black seemed to know Bob very well, for he nodded to him as to an old acquaintance, and said the squire wanted him, and had asked after him several times. He then led the way to a large parlour, very handsomely furnished for Texas, and in which we found the squire, or more properly speaking, the Alcalde, sitting smoking his cigar. He had just breakfasted, and the plates and dishes were still upon the table. He did not appear to be much given to com-

pliments or ceremony, or to partake at all of the Yankee failing of curiosity, for he answered our salutation with a laconic "good-morning," and scarcely even looked at us. At the very first glance, it was easy to see that he came from Tennessee or Virginia, the only provinces in which one finds men of his gigantic mould. Even sitting, his head rose above those of the negro servants in waiting. Nor was his height alone remarkable; he had the true West-Virginian build; the enormous chest and shoulders, and herculean limbs, the massive features and sharp grey eyes; altogether an exterior well calculated to impose on the rough backwoodsmen with whom he had to deal.

I was tired with my ride, and took a chair. The squire apparently did not deem me worthy of notice, or else he reserved me for a later scrutiny; but he fixed a long, searching look upon Bob, who remained standing, with his head sunk on his breast.

The judge at last broke silence.

"So here you are again, Bob. It's long since we've seen you, and I thought you had clean forgotten us. Well, Bob, we shouldn't have broke our hearts, I reckon; for I hate gamblers—ay, that I do—worse than skunks. It's a vile thing is play, and has ruined many a man in this world, and the next. It's ruined you too, Bob."

Bob said nothing.

"You'd have been mighty useful here last week; there was plenty for you to do. My step-daughter arrived; but as you weren't to be found, we had to send to Joel to shoot us a buck and a couple of dozen snipes. Ah, Bob! one might still make a good citizen of you, if you'd only leave off that cursed play!"

Bob still remained silent.

"Now go into the kitchen and get some breakfast.

"D'ye hear? Go into the kitchen and get something to eat. And, Ptoly"—added he to the negro—"tell Veny to give him a pint of rum."

"Don't want yer rum—ain't thirsty"—growled Bob.

"Very like, very like," said the judge sharply. "Reckon you've taken too much already. Look as if you could swallow a wild cat, claws and all. And you," added he, turning to me—"What the devil are you at, Ptoly! Don't you see the man wants his breakfast! Where's the coffee! Or would you rather have tea?"

"Thank you, Alcalde, I have breakfasted already."

"Don't look as if. Ain't sick, are you? Where do you come from! What's happened to you! What are you doing with Bob?"

He looked keenly and searchingly at me, and then again at Bob. My appearance was certainly not very prepossessing, unshaven as I was, and with my clothes and linen soiled and torn. He was evidently considering what could be the motive of our visit, and what had brought me into Bob's society. The result of his physiognomical observations did not appear very favorable either to me or my companion. I hastened to explain.

"You shall hear how it was, judge. I am indebted to Bob for my life."

"Your life! Indebted to Bob for your life!" repeated the judge, shaking his head incredulously.

I related how I had lost my way in the prairie; been carried into the Jacinto by my horse; and how I should inevitably have been drowned but for Bob's aid.

"Indeed!" said the judge, when I had done speaking. "So, Bob saved your life! Well, I am glad of it, Bob, very glad of it. Ah! if you could only keep away from that Johnny. I tell you, Bob, Johnny will be the ruin of you. Better keep out of his way."

"It's too late," answered Bob.

"Don't know why it should be. Never too late to leave a debauched, sinful life; never, man!"

"Calculate it is, though," replied Bob sullenly.

"You calculate it is!" said the judge, fixing his eyes on him. "And why do you calculate that? Take a glass—Ptoly, a glass—and tell me, man, why should it be too late?"

"I ain't thirsty, squire," said Bob.

"Don't talk to me of your thirst; rum's not for thirst, but to strengthen the heart and nerves, to drive away the blue devils. And a good thing it is, taken in moderation."

As he spoke he filled himself a glass, and drank half of it off. Bob shook his head.

"No rum for me, squire. I take no pleasure in it. I've something on my mind too heavy for rum to wash away."

"And what is that, Bob! Come, let's hear what you've got to say. Or, perhaps, you'd rather speak to me alone. It's Sunday to-day, and no business ought to be done; but for once, and for you, we'll make an exception."

"I brought the gentleman with me on purpose to witness what I had to say," answered Bob, taking a cigar out of a box that stood on the table, and lighting it. He smoked a whiff or two, looked thoughtfully at the judge, and then threw the cigar through the open window.

"It don't relish, squire; nothin' does now."

"Ah, Bob! if you'd leave off play and drink! They're your ruin; worse than ague or fever."

"It's no use," continued Bob, as if he did not hear the judge's remark; "it must out. I fo't agin it, and thought to drive it away, but it can't be done. I've put a bit of lead into several before now, but this one"—

"What's that?" cried the judge, chucking his cigar away, and looking sternly at Bob. "What's up now! What are you saying about a bit of lead! None of your Sodoma and Lower Natchez tricks, I hope! They won't do here. Don't understand such jokes."

"Pooh! they don't understand them a bit more in Natchez. If they did, I shouldn't be in Texas."

"The less said of that the better, Bob. You promised to lead a new life here; so we won't rake up old stories."

"I did, I did!" groaned Bob; "but it's all no use. I shall never be better till I'm hung."

I stared at the man in astonishment. The judge, however, took another cigar, lighted it, and, after puffing out a cloud of smoke, said, very unconcernedly—

"Not better till you're hung! What do you want to be hung for! To be sure, you should have been long ago, if the Georgia and Alabama papers don't lie. But we are not in the States here, but in Texas, under Mexican laws. It's nothing to us what you've done yonder. Where there is no accuser there can be no judge."

"Send away the nigger, squire," said Bob. "What a free white man has to say, shouldn't be heard by black ears."

"Go away, Ptoly," said the judge. "Now, then," added he, turning to Bob, "say what you have to say; but mind, nobody forces you to do it, and it's only out of good will that I listen to you, for to-day's Sunday."

"I know that," muttered Bob; "I know that, squire; but it leaves me no

peace, and it must out. I've been to San Felipe de Austin, to Anahuac, every where, but it's all no use. Wherever I go, the spectre follows me, and drives me back under the cursed Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch!" exclaimed the judge.

"Ay, under the Patriarch!" groaned Bob. "Don't you know the Patriarch; the old live oak near the ford, on the Jacinto?"

"I know, I know!" answered the judge. "And what drives you under the Patriarch?"

"What drives me? What drives a man who—who?"

"A man who?" repeated the judge, gently.

"A man," continued Bob, in the same low tone, "who has sent a rifle bullet into another's heart. He lies there, under the Patriarch, whom I—"

"Whom you?" asked the judge.

"Whom I killed!" said Bob, in a hollow whisper.

"Killed!" exclaimed the judge. "You killed him? Whom?"

"Ah! whom? Why don't you let me speak? You always interrupt me with your palaver," growled Bob.

"You are getting saucy, Bob," said the judge impatiently. "Go on, however. I reckon it's only one of your usual tantrums."

Bob shook his head. The judge looked keenly at him for a moment, and then resumed in a sort of confidential, encouraging tone.

"Under the Patriarch; and how did he come under the Patriarch?"

"I dragged him there, and buried him there," replied Bob.

"Dragged him there? Why did you drag him there?"

"Because he couldn't go himself, with more than half an ounce of lead in his body."

"And you put the half ounce of lead into him, Bob? Well, if it was Johnny, you have done the country a service, and saved it a rope."

Bob shook his head negatively.

"It wasn't Johnny, although— But you shall hear all about it. It's just ten days since you paid me twenty dollars fifty."

"I did so, Bob; twenty dollars fifty cents; and I advised you at the same time to let the money lie till you had a couple of hundred dollars, or enough to buy a quarter or an eighth of Sitio land; but advice is thrown away upon you."

"When I got the money, I thought I'd go down to San Felipe, to the Mexicans, and try my luck; and, at the same time, see the doctor about my fever. As I was goin' there, I passed near Johnny's house, and fancied a glass, but determined not to get off my horse. I rode up to the window, and looked in. There was a man sittin' at the table, havin' a hearty good dinner of steaks and potatoes, and wasin' it down with a stiff glass of grog. I began to feel hungry myself, and while I was considerin' whether I should 'light or not, Johnny came sneakin' out, and whispered to me to come in, that there was a man inside with whom somethin' might be done if we went the right way to work; a man who had a leather belt round his waist cram-full of hard Jackson; and that, if we got out the cards and pretended to play a little together, he would soon take the bait and join us.

"I wasn't much inclined to do it," continued Bob; "but Johnny bothered me so to go in, that I got off my horse. As I did so the dollars clinked in my pocket, and the sound gave me a wish to play.

"I went in; and Johnny fetched the whisky bottle. One glass followed another. There were beefsteaks and potatoes too, but I only eat a couple of mouthfuls. When I had drank two, three, ay, four glasses, Johnny brought the cards and dice. 'Hallo, Johnny!' says I; 'cards and dice, Johnny! I've twenty dollars fifty in my pocket. Let's have a game! But no more drink for me; for I know you, Johnny, I know you'—"

"Johnny larked slyly, and rattled the dice, and we sat down to play. I hadn't meant to drink any more, but play makes one thirsty; and with every glass I got more eager, and my dollars got fewer. I reckoned, however, that the stranger would join us, and that I should be able to win back from him; but not a bit of it: he sat quite quiet, and eat and drank as if he didn't see we were there. I went on playin' madder than ever, and before half an hour was over, I was cleaned out; my twenty dollars fifty gone to the devil, or what's the same thing, into Johnny's pocket.

"When I found myself without a cent, I was mad, I reckon. It warn't the first time, nor the hundredth, that I had lost money. Many bigger sums than that—ay, hundreds and thousands of dollars had I played away—but they had none of them cost me the hundredth or thousandth part of the trouble to get that these twenty dollars fifty had; two full months had I been slavin' away in the woods and prairies to earn them, and I caught the fever there. The fever I had still, but no money to cure it with. Johnny only larked in my face, and rattled my dollars. I made a bit at him, which, if he hadn't jumped on one side, would have cured him of larkin' for a week or two.

"Presently, however, he came 'sneakin' up to me, and winkin' and whisperin'; and, 'Bob!' says he, 'is it come to that with you? are you grown so chicken-hearted that you don't see the belful of money round his body?' said he, lookin' at it. 'No end of hard coin, I guess; and all to be had for little more than half an ounce of lead.'"

"Did he say that?" asked the judge.

"Ay, that did he, but I wouldn't listen to him. I was mad with him for winning my twenty dollars; and I told him that, if he wanted the stranger's purse, he might take it himself, and be d—d; that I wasn't goin' to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire for him. And I got on my horse, and rode away like mad.

"My head spun round like a mill. I couldn't get over my loss. I took the twenty dollars fifty more to heart than any money I had ever gambled. I didn't know where to go. I didn't dare go back to you, for I knew you'd scold me."

"I shouldn't have scolded you, Bob; or, if I had, it would only have been for your good. I should have summoned Johnny before me, called together a jury of twelve of the neighbors, got you back your twenty dollars fifty, and sent Johnny out of the country; or, better still, out of the world."

These words were spoken with much phlegm, but yet with a degree of feeling and sympathy, which greatly improved my opinion of the worthy judge. Bob also seemed touched. He drew a deep sigh, and gazed at the Alca de with a melancholy look.

"It's too late," muttered he; "too late, squire."

"Perhaps not," replied the judge, "but let's hear the rest."

"Well," continued Bob, "I kept riding on at random, and when evenin' came I found myself near the palmetta field on the bank of the Jacinto. As I was ridin' past it, I heard all at once the tramp of a horse. At that moment the queerest feelin' I ever had came over me; a sort of cold shiverin' feel. I forgot where I was; sight and hea in left me—I could only see two things, my twenty dollars fifty, and the well-filled belt of the stranger I had left at Johnny's. Just then a voice called to me.

"Whence come, countryman, and whither going?" it said.

"Whence and whither," answered I, as surly as could be; 'to the devil at a gallop, and you'd better ride on and tell him I'm comin'.'

"You can do the errand yourself," answered the stranger larkin'; 'my road don't lie that way.'

"As he spoke, I looked round, and saw, what I was pretty sure of before, that it was the man with the belt full of money.

"Ain't you the stranger I see'd in the inn yonder?" asked he.

"And if I am," says I, 'what's that to you?'

"Nothin'," said he; 'nothin', certainly.'

"Better ride on," says I; 'and leave me quiet.'

"Will so, stranger; but you needn't take it so mighty onkind. A word ain't a tomahawk, I reckon," said he. 'But I rather expect your losin's at play ain't put you in a very church-goin' humor; and, if I was you, I'd keep my dollars in my pocket, and not set them on cards and dice.'

"This put me in a rile to hear him cast my losin's in my teeth that way.

"You're a nice feller," said I, 'to throw a man's losses in his face. A pitiful chap you are,' says I.

"I thought to provoke him, and that he'd tackle me. But he seemed to have no fancy for a fight, for he said quite humble like—"

"I throw nothin' in your face; God forbid that I should reproach you with your losses! I'm sorry for you, on the contrary. Don't look like a man who can afford to lose his dollars. Seem to me one who aims his money by hard work."

"We were just then halted at the further end of the cane brake, close to the trees that border the Jacinto. I had turned my horse, and was frontin' the stranger. And all the time the devil was busy whisperin' to me, and pointin' to the belt round the man's waist. I could see where it was, plain enough, though he had buttoned his coat over it.

"Hard work, indeed," says I; 'and now I've lost every thing; not a cent left for a quid of baccy.'

"If that's all," says he; 'there's help for that. I don't chew myself, and I ain't a rich man; I've wife and children, and want every cent I've got, but it's one duty to help a countryman. You shall have money for tobacco and a dram.'

"And so sayin', he took a purse out of his pocket, in which he carried his change. It was pretty full; there may have been some twenty dollars in it; and as he drew the string, it was as if the devil laughed and nodded to me out of the openin' of the purse.

"Halves!" cried I.

"No, not that," says he; 'I've wife and child, and what I have belongs to them; but half a dollar'—"

"Halves!" cried I again; 'or else'—"

"Or else?" repeated he: and, as he spoke, he put the purse back into his pocket, and laid hold of the rifle which was slung on his shoulder.

"Don't force one to do you a mischief," said he. 'Don't,' says he; 'we might both be sorry for it. What you're thinkin' of brings no blessin'.'

"I was past seein' or hearin'. A thousand devils from hell were possessin' me.

"Halves!" I yelled out; and, as I said the word, he sprang out of the saddle, and fell back over his horse's crupper to the ground.

"I'm a dead man!" cried he; as well as the rattle in his throat would let him. 'God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!'"

Bob paused; he gasped for breath, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead. He gazed wildly round the room. The judge himself looked very pale. I tried to rise, but sank back in my chair. Without the table I believe I should have fallen to the ground.

There was a gloomy pause of some moments' duration. At last the judge broke silence.

"A hard, hard case!" said he. "Father, mother, children, all at one blow. Bob, you are a bad fellow; a very bad fellow; a great villain!"

"A great villain," groaned Bob. "The ball was gone right through his breast."

"Perhaps your gun went off by accident," said the judge anxiously. "Perhaps it was his own ball."

Bob shook his head.

"I see him now, judge, as plain as can be, when he said, 'Don't force me to do you a mischief. We might both be sorry for it.' But I pulled the trigger. His bullet is still in his rifle."

"When I saw him lie dead before me, I can't tell you what I felt. It warn't the first I had sent to his account; but yet I would have given all the purses and money in the world to have had him alive agin. I must have dragged him under the Patriarch, and dug a grave with my huntin'-knife; for I found him there afterwards."

"You found him there?" repeated the judge.

"Yes. I don't know how he came there. I must have brought him, but I recollect nothin' about it."

The judge had risen from his chair, and was walking up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly he stopped short.

"What have you done with his money?"

"I took his purse, but buried his belt with him, as well as a flask of rum, and some bread and beef he had brought away from Johnny's. I set out for San Felipe, and rode the whole day. In the evenin', when I looked about me, expectin' to see the town, where do you think I was?"

The judge and I stared at him.

"Under the Patriarch. The ghost of the murdered man had driven me there. I had no peace till I'd dug him up and buried him again. Next day I set off in another direction. I was out of tobacco, and I started across the prairie to Anahuac. Lord, what a day I passed! Wherever I went, he stood before me. If I turned, he turned too. Sometimes he came behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I spurred my mustang till the blood came, hopin' to get away from him, but it was all no use. I thought when I got to Anahuac I should be quit of him, and I galloped on as if for life or death. But in the evenin', instead of bein' close to the salt-works as I expected, there I was agin under the Patriarch. I dug him up a second time, and sat and stared at him, and then buried him agin."

"Queer that," observed the judge.

"Ay, very queer!" said Bob, mournfully. "But it's all no use. Nothin' does me any good. I sha'n't be better—I shall never have peace till I'm hung."

Bob evidently felt relieved now; he had in a manner passed sentence on himself. Strange as it may appear, I had a similar feeling, and could not help nodding my head approvingly. The judge alone preserved an unmoved countenance.

"Indeed!" said he, "indeed! You think you'll be no better till you're hung."

"Yes," answered Bob, with eager haste. "Hung on the same tree under which he lies buried."

"Well, if you will have it so, we'll see what can be done for you. We'll call a jury of the neighbors together to-morrow."

"Thank ye, squire," murmured Bob, visibly comforted by this promise.

"We'll summon a jury," repeated the Alcalde, "and see what can be done for you. You'll perhaps have changed your mind by that time."

I stared at him like one fallen from the clouds, but he seemed not to notice my surprise.

"There is, perhaps, another way to get rid of your life, if you are tired of it," he continued. "We might, perhaps, hit upon one that would satisfy your conscience."

Bob shook his head. I involuntarily made the same movement.

"At any rate, we'll hear what the neighbors say," added the judge.

Bob stepped up to the judge, and held out his hand to bid him farewell. The other did not take it, and turning to me, said—"You had better stop here, I think."

Bob turned round impetuously.

"The gentleman must come with me."

"Why must he?" said the judge.

"Ask himself."

I again explained the obligations I was under to Bob; how we had fallen in with one another; and what care and attention he had shown me at Johnny's.

The judge nodded approvingly. "Nevertheless," said he, "you will remain here, and Bob will go alone. You are in a state mind, Bob, in which a man is better alone, d'ye see; and so leave the young man here. Another misfortune might happen; and, at any rate, he's better here than at Johnny's. Come back to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done for you."

These words were spoken in a decided manner, which seemed to have its effect upon Bob. He nodded assentingly, and left the room. I remained staring at the judge, and lost in wonder at these strange proceedings.

When Bob was gone, the Alcalde gave a blast on a shell, which supplied the place of a bell. Then seizing the cigar box, he tried one cigar after another, broke them peevishly up, and threw the pieces out of the window. The negro whom the shell had summoned, stood for some time waiting, while his master broke up the cigars, and threw them away. At last the judge's patience seemed quite to leave him.

"Hark ye, Ptoiy!" growled he to the frightened black, "the next time you bring me cigars that neither draw nor smoke, I'll make your back smoke for it. Mind that, now;—there's not a single one of them worth a rotten maize stalk. Tell that old coffee-colored bag of Johnny's, that I'll have no more of her cigars. Ride over to Mr. Ducie's and fetch a box. And, d'ye hear? Tell him I want to speak a word with him and the neighbors. Ask him to bring the neighbors with him to-morrow morning. And mind you're home again by two o'clock. Take the mustang we caught last week. I want to see how he goes."

The negro listened to these various commands with open mouth and staring eyes, then giving a perplexed look at his master, shot out of the room.

"Where away, Ptoiy!" shouted the Alcalde after him.

"To Massa Ducie."

"Without a pass, Ptoiy? And what are you going to say to Mr. Ducie?"

"Him nebber send bad cigar again, him coffee-colored bag. Massa speak to Johnny and neighbors. Johnny bring neighbors here."

"I thought as much," said the judge with perfect equanimity. "Wait a minute, I'll write the pass, and a couple of lines for Mr. Ducie."

This was soon done, and the negro dispatched on his errand. The judge waited till he heard the sound of his horse's feet galloping away, and then, laying hold of the box of despised cigars, lit the first which came to hand. It smoked capitably, as did also one that I took. They were Principes, and as good as I ever tasted.

I passed the whole of that day *tete a tete* with the judge, who, I soon found, knew various friends of mine in the States. I told him the circumstances under which I had come to Texas, and the intention I had of settling there, should I find the country to my liking. During our long conversation, I was able to form a very different, and much more favorable, estimate of his character, than I had done from his interview with Bob. He was the very man to be useful to a new country; of great energy, sound judgment, enlarged and liberal views. He gave me some curious information as to the state of things in Texas; and did not think it necessary to conceal from me, as an American, and one who intended settling in the country, that there was a plan in agitation for throwing off the Mexican yoke, and declaring Texas an independent republic. The high-spirited, and, for the most part, intelligent emigrants from the United States, who formed a very large majority of the population of Texas, saw themselves, with no very patient feeling, under the rule of a people both morally and physically inferior to themselves. They looked with contempt, and justly so, on the bigoted, idle, and ignorant Mexicans, while the difference of religion, and interference of the priests, served to increase the dislike between the Spanish and Anglo-American races.

Although the project was as yet not quite ripe for execution, it was discussed freely and openly by the American settlers. "It is the interest of every man to keep it secret," said the judge; "and there can be nothing to induce even the worst amongst us to betray a cause, by the success of which he is sure to profit. We have many bad characters in Texas, the offscourings of the United States, men like Bob, or far worse than him; but debauched, gambling, drunken villains though they be, they are the men we want when it comes to a struggle; and when that time arrives, they will all be found ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, use knife and rifle, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their fellow citizens, and of the new and independent republic of Texas. At this moment, we must wink at many things which would be severely punished in an older and more settled country; each man's arm is of immense value to the State; for, on the day of battle, we shall have, not two to one, but twenty to one opposed to us."

(To be Continued.)

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

BURIED ALIVE.

There are times when, even with the most anxious and sorrow-stricken, the heart seems to glow with glad existence, and the bowed spirit to throw off its crushing weight of care. Trials appear light. Disappointments are forgotten. Inquietude slumbers. The cheerfulness of nature communicates itself to our spirits; and all without and all within speak of renewed enjoyment and refreshed

existence. To many this feeling is peculiarly present on a sunny morning in early spring. The bright green of the trees; the wild singing of the birds; the busy hum of animated being which rises from glade, and coppice, and cottage-garden, and hedge-row; the perfume of the flower, and the blossom of the tree; each and all tell the tale of living gladness. With the balmy breath of morning the Deity is, as it were, forced upon our recollection. Nature is his vast and glorious sanctuary, and we adore him in the temple which he himself has raised. Thus musing, in the deserted pleasure of a religious community which had long since passed away—a pleasure which yet contained traces of the taste of its former owners,—fine old trees scattered in clumps, or gathered together in broad sweeping woods, and with their clear and well-defined shadow nobly contrasting the vivid green around, it was "with reluctant step and slow" that I turned from the soothing tranquillity of nature to my irksome task of marking the strife of human passions, the wreck of better feelings, and the ravages of crime. A distant clock admonished me. It was my hour for visiting the gaol.

"Mr. Cleaver," cried the surgeon as I passed the portal, "a word with you, if you please! I have just returned from the sick-ward, and have seen that old woman, Waldron; but, really she requires your assistance more than mine."

"How so?"

"She is ill, but will take no remedies. In fact, I believe she wishes to be off,—a rare bias in an old woman. The genus generally holds on to the last. Such, at least, was the feeling of my two venerable maiden aunts, whose tenacity of existence had well-nigh starved their dutiful nephew. At length they retired, aged respectively ninety-two and ninety-seven; and the survivor deplored to her last breath the fatal mistake of her dear sister Bessy, who called in the doctors, and in consequence was prematurely hurried off the stage of life!"

"But what has this to do with Waldron?"

"Something in the way of illustration. They both parted with existence unwillingly; she, after seeing you, will do so cheerfully. My questions she cut very short by asking repeatedly the hour, and whether you had come."

"Why did you not mention this sooner?" said I, thankful to escape from this merciless gossip.

I found the old woman much altered; she was gradually sinking; her voice had lost its volume, and her features had assumed that sharpness and rigidity of outline which I knew full well indicated approaching death. She received me with a smile.

"Well, sir, shall I be believed at last! I told you that I should hold up my head before no earthly judge. What say you to me now?"

"That you lose no time in preparing for the award of an eternal one."

"Good!" she murmured, after a pause; "and it is because you have thus often warned me that I now ask from you a favour,—easily granted, and not likely, I hope, to be denied."

"Let me hear its nature."

"Here I shall die. I know well what this faintness, fluttering pulse, and clammy brow mean. Be it so—I am content. But, dying within prison walls, an inquest must, and will, be held upon me: that the law of the land requires. Circumstanced as I am, little decency after death, probably, awaits me; and very few hours will, I dare say, elapse between the drawing of my last breath and a very hurried burial. Now, sir, will you—will you grant my dying, my final request? Will you see that I have fair play?"

"You wish,—if I rightly catch your meaning,—you wish that your last moments may be undisturbed, and that you may be permitted to pass quietly away. Be at ease on that point; no unkindness shall be shown you; this is no hour for it."

"No!" she returned quickly, "that is not my meaning. My dread extends beyond—beyond that. I fear"—and into her fierce eye a tear stole as she spoke,—"*I fear burial before death!* Oh! prevent it, prevent it!"

"Don't distress yourself by apprehensions so frightful and so needless. Nothing of that sort ever takes place in this country."

"I know to the contrary," said she sternly, "I know to the contrary; and for years I have dreaded that what I consented to in the case of another would one day be visited on myself. *That day has come!* Oh, befriend me, and save me!"

"Explain to me what you mean; tell me what I can do, and it shall be done. But don't expend the little strength you possess,—and, above all, don't waste the last moments of existence in exclamations and expressions which—"

She interrupted me eagerly.

"And you too would exclaim, if your conscience were as heavily burdened as mine! Years ago—yes! I find I must speak—call it Nurse Waldron's confession, testimony, explanation, what you will—years ago, a young officer, of the name of Helsham, came to E—th. He was hurried there, labouring under confirmed consumption, feeble, emaciated, and worn down by hectic fever. But the extension of his life was important to his family; and, as a last expedient, a trial of the mild air of Devon was recommended to him by those who must have well known that, in his case, no air, however balmy, would avail. He came into Devon—as hundreds before him with ulcerated lungs have done—but to die! His family accompanied him. By his sick couch watched most attentively his father, mother, and three sisters, not one of whom would admit the extent of his danger, or believe that recovery was hopeless. Fear, they say, is blind; so is love. Strong affection, sir, acts variously on different parties. Some it renders sensitive and keen-sighted in the extreme, others it wholly blinds;—the latter was the case here. The Helshams, one and all, were persuaded that Harry had no radical disease, and that 'the soft breezes on the Devon coast would soon bring him round.' They saw 'daily amendment,' while to others on his visage was death. But, independent of natural affection, his family had ample cause for dreading any evil to Harry. He was their prop—their stay; to him they owed every luxury they enjoyed; and his death, were that to occur *speedily*, would leave them beggars. They might well reject with frenzy the most cautious hint of its approach. Who would not, so situated? Their case was this. A self-willed grandfather had bequeathed to Harry Helsham the whole of his large property, without the slightest provision for either his mother or sisters. While a minor, the property was under the control of trustees, for the young heir's benefit, to whom a very liberal allowance was made. If he lived over one-and-twenty, he could dispose of the property as he pleased; but if he died under that age, the whole passed to his cousin, who was his guardian and managing trustee. It was a cruel will, and vast was the amount of misery which it caused. The young man grew weaker; his sleepless nights, incessant cough, profuse perspirations, and hectic fever rapidly reduced him. A nurse became necessary: I was sent. His debility was alarming, and I urged the attendance of a physician. Dr. D—n—l of Exeter was called in. In kind, gentle, and cautious terms the doctor apprized the family of his patient's danger. The father, Ma-

for Helsham, became outrageous. Poor old gentleman: he had had a stroke of paralysis, and was, as most paralytic people are, peevish, testy, and obstinate in the extreme. He called Dr. D—n—l to his face an 'ignoramus' and 'an alarmist,' told him to 'return to Exeter and study his profession,' and vowed he 'would never trouble him for an opinion again.' Another practitioner was sent for, and he, after exhausting the invalid with a succession of questions, declared the 'symptoms distressing,' and the 'case attended with difficulty,' but 'by no means with danger!' Nobody told him to 'return and study his profession'; but there was one who was very sure such a recommendation was necessary. Days rolled on, and, however blind to his danger his family might be, the sufferer himself gradually awoke to it. One morning, after a very restless night, during which he had been greatly harassed by cough, hectic fever, and a burning feeling in the palms of his hands,—a common accompaniment of consumption,—he called me to his side, and said,

"Nurse, I am about to ask you a question, and I expect from you a resolute and explicit answer. Your experience in cases like mine must have been great: tell me, do you think I shall recover?"

"I hesitated.

"Be candid: you will neither shock nor distress me by your reply; only let it convey your real opinion. Say, shall I recover?"

"I told him I thought it doubtful. He mused for a few moments, and then, pointing to his portfolio, said,

"Write from my dictation, post the letter yourself, and observe the most rigid silence respecting it to my family."

"I obeyed his instructions. The letter was brief, and addressed to his lawyer in London. It alluded slightly to his increased indisposition, and requested his friend to lose no time in repairing to E—th, where he wished to consult him respecting his will.

"A journey from the metropolis into Devon was not then, as now, an affair of twenty-four hours, and ten days elapsed before Mr. Helsham's man of business reached us. His unexpected arrival threw the family into the most painful agitation; but by the invalid himself the attorney was cordially and eagerly welcomed. Their conference was long; but, as the distressed young man that evening voluntarily confided to me, *very unsatisfactory*. Mr. Underwood candidly told his anxious client that he could make no valid will for the next three weeks,—till, in fact, he was of age.

"I will take your instructions," he added, observing the young man's distress, "will carry out your wishes in every particular, will take care to have the will drawn up, and ready in every respect for execution, the moment you are twenty-one—till then you are powerless."

"The invalid expressed audibly his distress and disappointment.

"But if I should die in the interim?"

"Then," returned the lawyer, "you will be unable to make any provision for your family. They must be left to the kindness and consideration of the next heir."

"In other words," said young Helsham, "to absolute beggary."

"And as the sick man repeated to me, during a sleepless night, this painful conclusion, his lips quivered with agony. I endeavoured to console him: I reminded him that he had youth on his side, that ease and quiet would do much to stay the progress of disease, that no expedient was omitted to counteract it, and, in truth, the interval, one-and-twenty days, was very short.

"Not in my case, nurse," was his gloomy reply.

"The excitement consequent on this interview, and the feelings of bitter disappointment which it left behind, were prejudicial to him. His manner underwent an entire change. Previous to his lawyer's visit he had been submissive, calm, and cheerful; now he was anxious, irritable, and impatient. No attentions seemed to soothe him, no vigilance to satisfy him; every feeling was absorbed in a passionate desire to live over his minority; and the anxiety with which he watched every new symptom, the eagerness with which each morning he scanned the countenance of his medical attendant, as if to read his fate there, the restless impatience with which he counted the lagging hours,—all this it was painful to witness. To himself, moreover, it was destruction. Henry Helsham's bitterest enemy could have suggested no surer scheme for hastening his end than his own unhappy suggestion of Mr. Underwood's visit, and the incessant excitement which followed it."

"And, amid all this anxiety, all this restlessness about the present, was there," said I, interrupting her, "no thought bestowed on a higher and nobler state of existence?"

The aged woman was silent, and I repeated my inquiry.

"Religion was not fashionable in that family!" was the revolting reply.

The remark, every way offensive, was from her lips, under her circumstances, and within those walls appalling. I told her so. Reckless of all reproof, she drew breath, and hurried on.

"Twelve of the twenty-one days had expired when the will came down. For the first time the family seemed to take alarm,—all but Major Helsham. He persisted in saying 'it was only a cold—a severe, and rather obstinate cold. The will!—tut! I think nothing of that. I've known men live five-and-forty years after making their will! A lad with Harry's prospects die! A likely thing indeed! If he's not better next month, I'll take him to Madeira. A sea-voyage, and a short sojourn at Madeira, will set up any man. Doctors run tame about my house, as if it were a country hospital! A lad's appetite fails him, cough comes on, he looks rather pinched in the face, and in an instant those blood-suckers, the fee-hunting doctors, surround the mother, and groan her into the belief that her son is on his death-bed! I beg I may hear no more of such nonsense!"

"He was obeyed: he did hear 'no more nonsense' on the subject. The next tidings brought him were too clear to admit of cavil. The day on which the will arrived was one of considerable excitement. Its contents were made known by the failing youth to his mother. He told her, in feeble accents, that if she wished any alteration to be made, *that* was the time to suggest it. Tears were her reply; and in an agony of grief I half led her, half carried her, to her apartment. It was in vain that I urged the necessity of quiet, and besought the sisters to restrain their feelings while in their brother's presence. I might as well have shouted to 'The Parson and Clerk' at Dawlish.* The Miss Helshams were quite as impenetrable to counsel, and in taking up their position quite as immovable. The whole family, the major always excepted, seemed, I thought, to vie with each other in the noisiness and extravagance of their grief. If they knew how obstreperous lamentation distracts the dying person,—how it unnerves and unsettles him,—how it aggravates his sufferings, and hastens his end, affectionate relatives would avoid it. The issue was exactly what I expected. Towards evening, the ill-fated young man burnt with hectic fever; thirst, which nothing could assuage, parched him; violent and rapidly succeeding fits of coughing distressed him, and rendered sleep impossible. Such was the aspect of affairs till about three in the morning, when the fever began to

subside, the cough to be less frequent, and I ventured to hope the worst of that weary night was over. Suddenly he spoke in, I fancied, an unusual and peculiar tone; a strange, gurgling sound in the throat followed. I ran towards him—blood was gushing from his mouth and nostrils—he had ruptured a blood-vessel!

"To raise him instantly, to ring for assistance, to apply cold water freely, to hold him upright in my arms till further help could be procured, seemed to be the act of a single instant; and it was successful. He revived, smiled, and whispered, 'Summon my surgeon.' He came; approved of what had been done; and told me what, in truth, I knew before, that this new symptom was alarming; and that 'the case had now become critical in the extreme.' A second physician, Dr. Luke, was called in. His directions were peremptory, and he insisted on their observance. The family were excluded from the sick-room. Positive orders were given to maintain in it perfect quiet. Windows and doors—it was November—were thrown open, that the lowest possible temperature might be obtained. A single sheet and counterpane formed the whole covering allowed the invalid. Speech was forbidden. In future he was to communicate his wishes on a slate. It was singular how completely, throughout these trying circumstances, one idea possessed him. His first question was, 'whether he should live till that day so-nigh—his birthday?' His next, 'whether, in that case, he should be in full possession of his faculties?' The reply of the physician was ready and cautious. With respect to his first question they told him they hoped he would live much beyond the period he had named; but that everything depended on his keeping himself perfectly quiet, and shunning whatever would excite emotion. As to his second inquiry, 'it was well known that with persons labouring under his complaint the faculties generally remained unclouded to the last moment.' They again counselled silence, and withdrew. To the weeping mother below they were more communicative. They told her, 'No opinion as to the result could then be hazarded. If the next eight-and-forty hours went by without any recurrence of the bleeding, all immediate danger, they hoped, might be then said to have passed away. The new symptom was alarming; but its return might, possibly, be obviated by good nursing; care, quiet, and vigilance. They then rose, looked grave, bowed over their respective fees, and departed.

"The specified period did not elapse without bringing with it a renewal of the dreaded symptom. Again the vessel opened, and again life was with difficulty preserved. His thoughts then turned to a fresh object. He directed his cousin, the heir-at-law, to be sent for—*express*. It was imagined, for no explanation could be sought or given, that his object in summoning Mr. Lemuel Helsham was to interest him in behalf of his mother and sisters; to represent to him their destitute condition, should he die a minor; to commend them to his kind offices; and, if possible, to extract from him some promise in their favour. Such, at least, was the impression throughout the household. Not that even then, wasted and debilitated as he was, the sufferer ever wholly despaired of carrying out his cherished plan. The will was kept in a small blotting-case, on a stand by his side: and when he was too weak to speak, he would, on waking from sleep, point to it, and inquire, *with the eye*, if it were there. It was invariably, on these occasions, exhibited. He smiled, and was satisfied. Poor fellow! it was the one idea which held him to the last!

"The cousin came. He was a harsh-looking, harsh-visaged man, of forty. He scanned curiously, and without emotion, the pallid, sad, and gentle face, that was earnestly raised to him; expressed in civil terms his 'regret' at the spectacle; professed his 'willingness to do what propriety would justify,' hoped there 'would be no need for his meddling with matters at all,' said 'the Exeter doctors were thought clever, Dr. Luke especially,' 'knew that there was no cure for decline,' but had heard that while there was life there was hope!"

The invalid listened; gazed up sadly and piteously into that hard, dark, passionless countenance; caught its merciless meaning, and turned, with bitter and burning tears, away. It was the first and only time I saw him so moved.

"Eighteen out of the twenty-one days had now elapsed. Three only remained to torture the dying man's family. These over, the sufferer was of age, and his will valid. It was a feverish interval for Mr. Lemuel; and there stole every now and then an involuntary and convulsive movement over his hard features, which showed the struggle which was going on within. He shifted his quarters to the nearest hotel; and, from a motive I then guessed not, was unremittent in his attentions to his kinsman. The major loathed the very sight of him; and vehemently insisted on his being forbidden the house. But Mrs. Helsham prudently pleaded, 'Be civil to this man. The result who can foresee? We may be wholly in his power. Oh! make not an enemy of one whose means of injuring us may be so many and so various.'

"Ah! could she have read the future, she would have barred that man from her dwelling, even if life had parted in the struggle!"

"Meanwhile, the subject of so many fears and surmises, and, I may truly add, villanies, lay feeble and passive on his comfortless couch. He was perfectly sensible; and clearly comprehended what was passing around him; but his strength was so reduced, and his situation so critical, that the boldest of his medical men dealt only in conjecture.

"The vessel may," said Dr. Luke, "open again; and, if so, his death will be instantaneous; or, no return of hæmorrhage may take place, and he may sink from total exhaustion."

"But 'when?—when?' was the point so momentous and so uncontrollable.

"Time crept sluggishly on; forty hours alone were wanting to complete his majority; but whether the sufferer would survive the interval appeared every moment more doubtful. Weak as he was, my charge seemed aware of the lapse of time; for twice during the day he wrote, 'Has my lawyer, Mr. Underwood, arrived?"

"It was clear his thoughts were busy on the intended execution of his will; at which Mr. Underwood had promised to be present. Evening drew in. My orders were, to give him every four hours, his medicine—a gentle opiate. 'The object,' said the surgeon, 'is to soothe and quiet him. Extreme discretion is requisite. Watch him as you would an infant. Symptoms of approaching restlessness are evident. Meet them. Compose and lull him on the one hand, but do not drug and stupify him on the other. Be wary, and be punctual.' I thought I was both; but I was over-matched!"

"About a quarter before ten on this eventful evening, Mr. Lemuel Helsham stole into the sick-room. 'He called,' he said, 'to take his last look of Harry for the night,' and had brought with him 'some hot-house grapes.' Their 'flavour might be grateful' to the invalid: at all events, they would be 'useful in moistening his lips.' His opportune present was accepted. He then—oh! that I had detected his drift!—engaged me in a low, whispered conversation about the weight of these grapes, their price, their size. For the moment off my guard, I left him, most inconsiderately, for some minutes, alone and unwatched, while I trimmed and lighted, in the adjoining dressing-room, the invalid's night-lamp. When I returned, the house clock warned me that the hour for giving Mr. Harry his composing draught had arrived, and I stepped to the

* Two well-known rocks at that favourite bathing-place.

bedside, and presented it. While doing so, it struck me that this new bottle of medicine was considerably darker in point of colour than the last. But finding, on further examination, that it closely resembled, both in taste and smell, what I had been in the habit of giving him, all hesitation vanished. He took it readily, smiled, as was his wont, when I adjusted his pillows; and waved his hand gaily to his cousin, in token of farewell for the night. I glanced hastily round, to see if this cordial salutation was returned; and in doing so, was paralysed by the look of the being who fronted me. His gaze was fixed upon his helpless kinsman, and he trembled in every limb; but still there was a smile of exultation in his countenance, and a gleam of triumph in his eye, at once frightful and incomprehensible. In a moment he recovered himself; hoped Harry's sleep would refresh him; fancied he 'looked better this evening;' wished me good night, and departed.

"Midnight came; my charge slept soundly. One o'clock; his breathing was calm and regular, and his whole appearance that of a person abandoned to the most refreshing repose. Two o'clock, the hour for repeating his composing draught; but his slumber was so profound that I felt averse to disturb him, and determined to wait till three. Before its chime sounded there was an expression about the mouth, a falling of the jaw, that alarmed me; and I hastily approached the bed, to view him more nearly. The breathing had ceased; no pulse was perceptible. He was gone!"

"Words cannot depict the agony of his family. It was frightful to witness. But no sorrow moved me so much as that of the poor old father. For days after the sad occurrence he walked about, as if stunned by the weight of his bereavement; his whole disposition seemed changed. His impatience, irritability, and occasional vehemence, were fled; he wandered helplessly from room to room, sighing deeply, but addressed no one, replied to no one. From food he turned with loathing. A dozen times a-day would his tottering steps be heard overhead, in the chamber where his dead son lay. He would then approach the insensible form, kiss the pale brow, and exclaim, as if the extent of his loss was then first understood by him, 'Too true! too true!' It was a piteous spectacle; but it lasted not long!"

"The professional coolness displayed by the medical men was edifying! Not the slightest surprise at the sudden close of young Helsham's life was expressed by any one of them. They each and all professed themselves 'quite prepared for the event!' It was 'exactly what might have been anticipated!' The system was exhausted; and the patient had passed away in sleep."

"But, had he 'passed away' fairly? Was the result solely the effect of disease, or had other agency been at work? I had my misgivings! and the more I reflected on the last six hours of his life, the darker was the conclusion I arrived at."

"But, if I was gloomy, another was glad; and the alacrity of Mr. Lemuel in urging on the performance of the last sad office which the living can render to the dead, was unremitting. He 'begged to take on himself the charge of the entire proceeding.' Who, alas! could forbid him? The Helshams were beggars. Funded property, trust-moneys, land, timber—all were his!"

"At a short distance, it might be three miles from E—th, stood a ruined church. It was fair in its proportions; no niggard workmanship had been bestowed upon it by its former founders. The gothic arch, and the noble porch, and the well-carved font were there. It stood a monument of the piety of a previous generation, a reproach to the present. It was wholly unroofed; and each succeeding winter's gale threatened to prostrate its tottering tower. In its aisles had long ceased to echo either prayer or praise. The hiss of the snake might be heard there, and the harsh cry of the raven, and the melancholy whoop of the owl. The faithful worshipper was gone! But the burial-ground around it was still used as a cemetery. A dreary and desolated spot it was! The grass was long and coarse. The wild hemlock grew in rank luxuriance; the thistle there waved its tall head in triumph. The nettle, and the foxglove, and the deadly nightshade, thrived undisturbed. Fallen obelisk, broken headstone, and massy tomb, open to the prying gaze of each passing traveller, told the same painful tale. They spoke, each and all, of desolation, loneliness and desertion. They whispered, 'They who sleep here are soon forgotten!' Aptly was the fane called 'St. John in the Wilderness;' and rightly was its cemetery an asylum for the betrayed! Thither they bore him."

"But previously a discovery was made, a sad and woeful discovery; the remembrance of which has embittered every moment of my life."

"I told you," said the wretched woman, "my suspicions of Mr. Lemuel Helsham. They never slept; and there was something in the appearance of poor Harry, as he lay in his coffin, which I could never reconcile with death. There was no symptom of decay. In fact, I had my doubts whether the vital spark had really fled. I said as much to Mr. Lemuel the evening before the funeral."

"A supposition too fanciful and absurd to deserve attention," was his reply.

"Perhaps so; but to this moment the body is not cold!"

"Pshaw!"

"I tell you, sir, that now—yes! now, there is warmth over the heart. Examine. You will find I have spoken truly."

"I shall do no such thing. It is, in my opinion,"—he here called up a devout and solemn air,—highly improper, nay impious, to disturb the dead. They should rest—they should rest."

"I cannot! What I have witnessed is unusual. It makes me uneasy; and I shall report it to the family."

"I turned to go away: he grasped my wrist, and said, in a voice low, but rendered somewhat unsteady by fear,

"Be silent! If you would thrive, be silent! Here, giving me money; 'double this sum shall be paid you annually for silence, rigid, perfect silence!"

"Mr. Cleaver, I was poor; I had a drunken, dissolute husband; my children were starving and in rags. The world was busy with my character. My landlord was stern and rapacious. Often had he threatened me; and I was now months in arrears—I listened."

"Mr. Harry Helsham," continued the tempter, altering his tone, and assuming an air of disgusting frankness, 'is dead. Alas! that it should be so! Now, keep this—this—this appearance from his family. It would only distress their feelings! I wish to spare them!"

"I yielded. His words haunt me still,—'be silent, if you would thrive.' Thrive! a curse fell on me then, and has rested on me till now."

"The arrangements were at length completed. Would that I could describe to you my feelings when I saw the procession move forward, or those with which, two hours afterwards, I listened to his poor mother as she took leave of me, received the handsome gratuity she held out, and heard her faintly murmur, amid the grief which choked her utterance, 'A thousand thanks, Winifred, for your ceaseless attention to my dear, dear boy.'"

"Nine weeks afterwards they carried to his long home the broken-hearted

father. On re-opening for the Major the ancient, roomy vault, which had received his son, poor Harry's coffin was found so strangely.... My comfort is, the struggle must have been short. A few seconds must have closed it. But, buried alive I and others firmly believe him to have been! And now, sir, you understand the fears which possess me! I dread that what I saw meted out to another may be measured to me again."

"I will see that it is not."

"You promise me?"

"I do."

"You will take care that, until the certainty of death is visible, interment shall be delayed?"

I assented.

"I am satisfied," was her reply.

"But I am not: nor shall I, till you surrender yourself to prayer and penitence."

"To-morrow!" said she carelessly.

"No; to-day."

"You hurry me; and, besides, religion was never much in my way," was her strange remark.

"But you have much to answer for."

"Yes; but more has been laid to my charge than, rightly, I deserved."

"I must be plain with you;" and I submitted to her, briefly, the penalties of meeting death in her then state of mind.

"Ha! ha! ha! So you are taking me on that tack, are you? Ho! ho! trying to alarm me, eh? Others have attempted it before. But, why speak so disrespectfully of the *Gentleman in Black*? He's the best friend you clergymen have! ho! ho!"

I remained with her about an hour longer. She died at midnight.

NAPOLÉON AT THE BATTLE OF JENA.

The year 1806, destined to see

"Prussia's beam
Quench'd in Jena's fatal stream,"

hung in gloom over Europe. The power of Austria had been crushed at Ulm, the army of Russia defeated at Austerlitz, and, from the Tagus to the Neva, Prussia alone stood with unbroken strength and unvanquished forces. But guided by selfish policy, the cabinet of Berlin seemed more willing to aid the cause of oppression than to stand forward in defence of German freedom, and, entangled in diplomatic wiles, accepted from the hands of the spoiler the Electorate of Hanover, as the price of submission to his will and the abandonment of the Allied cause. But selfishness was destined to work the ruin of its votaries, and Napoleon had no sooner reaped the benefit he expected to derive from the neutrality of Prussia,—had no sooner paralysed Austria by the ruinous terms of the treaty of Presburg, and seen the Russian troops safe beyond their own frontier,—than, disregarding the engagement entered into with Count Haugevitz and the court of Berlin,—coming, in his triumphant and overbearing career, the timid policy of Prussia, he offered to make peace with England, and restore the Electorate of Hanover, just ceded to that power, to its legitimate sovereign, the King of Great Britain!

Prussia, indignant, flew to arms, called upon the allies to aid, and demanded from France redress for so many insults; but they justly were forsaken who forsook. They now stood alone on the arena, no aid was near, and the haughty and relentless victor, conscious of vastly superior power, treated their demands with scorn, and overwhelmed those with insults whom he was about to overwhelm by the force of arms. "Why were you not at the field of Austerlitz?" was the question too truly and tauntingly asked of the Prussians, while insults were poured upon the court and nation, and low and vulgar slanders were heaped upon the character of a lovely and high-minded queen.

The Prussian army, eager to avenge their country's wrongs, and maintain their military fame, took the field in a bold spirit; and, ably commanded, would probably have maintained a gallant contest; but under the Duke of Brunswick, a man of great personal bravery, totally destitute of skill, little could be expected from the best efforts of the troops. The Duke's age has also been urged against him: but the objection cannot hold, for Blücher and Suvoroff were, when older in years, the most active and energetic commanders of their time; and the duke, though turned of seventy, was a strong and athletic man. He had seen much service, but his great military experience had taught him nothing, for he had no military ability; and though wanting resources himself, vanity—the bane of so many military men—prevented him from seeking, or appearing to desire, the advice of others. His ideas never extended beyond the practice of the drill-ground; and a ruthless and unfeeling martinet on parade, he was in the field a commander without confidence, and a soldier without enthusiasm.

The dissensions and indecisions that marked the military councils of Prussia, even within hearing of the hostile guns, belong to history, and cannot be detailed here. To advance to the banks of the Maine, and attack the French corps before they could be assembled, had been the advice of Colonel Bülow, then a captive in the very prison in which he ended his days; but the man of genius knew that the counsel was above the reach of those for whom it was given, and foretold the result, even from the first. "Frightened by their own boldness in resorting to arms," he said, "they will halt about the Saale, and there be destroyed." And to the very letter was this strange prophecy fulfilled!

The Marquis de Lushessini, a foreigner, who, from being reader to Frederick II., had risen to eminence in the state, and had just returned from his embassy to Paris, gave the fatal advice which made generals and marshals halt in mid career, and adopt the proposal of a vain diplomatist, instead of following out the bold and skilful plan of the able and highly gifted soldier. "Napoleon will not act offensively," said the diplomatic marquis, at a council of war held at Weimar a few days before the battle of Jena; "he will not burden himself with the reproach of being the aggressor, and will rather leave it to others to attack him." Ever ready to adopt timid counsel, the wavering and irresolute listened to the words of folly, and halted, without any fixed object or position, on the Saale, at the very time when the French masses were rolling round their left flank. It was in vain that Colonel Massenbach, the assistant-quartermaster-general, foretold the certain ruin impending over the army,—that the officers almost mutinied against their commander,—the hour of death had struck, and the hand of fate was no longer to be arrested in its fatal progress.

The gallant Prince Louis was defeated and slain at Saalefeld; General Tauenzien was attacked and pressed back with loss; and still the doomed host stood motionless and inactive along the banks of the Saale.

With an army of 140,000 men, all war-trained and spoil-breathing soldiers, Napoleon reached the plains of Gera. Finding no enemy in his front, he wheeled his masses round to the left, scattered them over a vast extent of country, and facing to the west, the very direction whence he had come, moved

down upon the foe. Marshal Davoust, with 40,000 men, now forming the extreme right, seized Naumburg, completely headed the main body of the Prussian army, which, too late awakened from its stupor, was moving by Auerstadt towards Magdeburg. Bernadotte, by an intermediate direction, marched on Dornburg and Apolda; while the emperor himself, gathering together the remaining corps of his army, about 80,000 men, directed his march upon Jena, where he expected to find the King of Prussia at the head of his principal forces. But here he was confronted by the left wing of the Prussian army, commanded by Prince Hohenloe, a brave and skilful officer, who was preparing to follow the retrograde movement of the main army at the very moment when he was attacked. The front of the long Prussian column thus found itself opposed at Auerstadt, while, at a distance of a day's march in the rear, the last division was assailed near Jena, Bernadotte, at the same time, marching into the opening left between the two great divisions of the army. The Prussians, on this eventful day, brought about 90,000 men into action; of these, 50,000 fought against the inferior numbers of Davoust, and 40,000 against the main army of Napoleon. Bernadotte's corps, by strictly obeying orders, did not come into action; for which the commander is invariably blamed by French historians.

It is the morning of the fatal battle day of the 14th of October, and the Prussian rifle company of Cronhelm is posted, along with some Saxon and two Prussian battalions, on the Schnecke, an elevated point at the extreme right of Prince Hohenloe's position, and commanding a full view of the plain; and here, with our informant, Lieutenant Muller, we shall take our stand and trace his progress through the eventful fight.

"At six in the morning the first shots began to fall, and the firing soon increased along the whole front, principally towards our left wing; but the fog was so heavy that we could not see three yards before us. Patrols were sent out in all directions, but discovered nothing of the enemy, though the firing augmented rapidly and our anxiety naturally increased in proportion.

"At ten o'clock the haze cleared away, and from my elevated position I had a full view of the whole of the plain, though the smoke concealed the combatants. The battle was stationary and fiercely contested; for the roar of firearms was incessant along the whole line. But our hearts now beat high with delusive anticipations; we saw our troops advancing and driving the enemy across the plain, and many a hearty cheer greeted the presumed victors.

"At twelve o'clock the village of Vierzenheiligen, situated between the two lines, was in flames, while our troops were still advancing in gallant style; bands playing and colours flying.

"The enemy, though retiring, were now occupied in forming a line of fresh troops at the foot of a hill covered by some wood, and only observable from our elevated position. The advancing Prussians halted.

"It might be one o'clock, when the newly formed columns of the enemy, wheeling to the right, threatened our right wing, at the same time that another French corps—it was Murat with the cavalry—was seen moving from the direction of Dornburg against our left. The firing was heavy along the line, and the smoke often concealed the contending parties from our anxious sight.

"At last we saw our line retiring. This retrograde movement, though performed with drill-ground accuracy, was the signal for the hostile flanking columns to push forward. Our troops, undaunted however, again halted and confronted them, they even advanced for a space, and the cavalry, dashing forward, made several charges. Still the enemy gained ground and continued to make progress, and we had the deep mortification to see our friends pressed back under a heavy fire without having, on our part, struck a single blow in their aid.

"But a gallant band are breaking out from the woods round Capellendorf, and for a moment our hopes are again revived. It is the brave and distinguished General Reuchel, who, after being expected for hours, has reached the field. Following their heroic leader, the troops advance fearlessly into the plain; but alone, and exposed to overpowering numbers, this effort, too, is vain. All the French batteries are turned against these new foes, the general falls at the head of his men, and in a few minutes the whole division is forced in utter confusion from the ground. Large bodies of our cavalry advance, indeed, to cover the retreat, but they never charge home, and the day is irrevocably lost.

"The two rifle companies of Werner and Valentini, who had been engaged round Isserstadt had suffered a severe loss and expended all their ammunition, now filed through our position. Many of the soldiers rode on captured horses, and thus formed the last joyful sight of this melancholy day.

"It was now time for General Zechwitz to think of saving our small brigade, which was already turned; entire regiments of French cavalry and infantry being already in our rear, and our own army being evidently in full retreat.

"The Prussian regiment of Bogulawski, having taken post on the Schnecke, was ordered to await the arrival of the Saxons, who, with their highly dressed drum-major flourishing his silver-mounted cane at the head of the regiment, now marched slowly past, their band playing as usual. The riflemen were then thrown into the broken ground edging the road, where we received the first shots of the French *trailleurs*; but as we were only covering the retreat of the two battalions we did not linger long, and when we fell back I formed with last section the rear-guard of the column.

"No sooner had we reached the level plain than the French opened guns upon us and saluted us both with round and grape-shot, but with little effect, for we riflemen were in the ditch bordering the highroad, and escaped without loss.

"At this moment the Saxon rifle company commenced firing, and though we could not at first distinguish the enemy, we soon found ourselves within a hundred yards of a line of hostile cavalry, calmly halting and flanking the road. I ordered the riflemen to fire upon them, and we saw several men and horses fall. At first they returned our fire with their carbines; but we had sustained no loss when they gave the signal to charge. Expecting that the Saxon battalion would form square, I ordered my men to rush in and join them; but in this I was mistaken. The enemy attacked by squadrons, and we were all completely ridden over. I was so several times, without, in the first instance, receiving any injury, till at last a passing horseman gave me a cut on the head, and, my sword breaking in the conflict, I was on the point of falling beneath the uplifted sabre of an officer, when the sharp report of a rifle rung close to my ear, and the Frenchman, instead of striking, fell dead upon me, throwing me to the ground by the weight of his fall. I was covered with blood, but protected by the corpse from the chasseurs that followed. The timely shot that saved me was, as I afterwards learned, fired by the rifleman Darsow, who lay wounded close to the place where the meeting took place.

"I had no sooner gained my feet than a hussar dashed forward, gave me a good cut on the head, and then offered me quarter and protection, on condition of receiving my watch, purse, and sash.* When his terms were complied with, he tied up my head with his handkerchief, made me take hold of his stir-

rup, and seizing me by the collar, hastened to the rear. My poor green jackets lay scattered about the plain, all severely wounded; the Saxons seemed to have escaped better.

"After we had gone some distance, I observed a large body of troops formed in square, and heard a thousand voices shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' It was the old guard, with Napoleon in the centre. My hussar led me towards the party. I was one of the first prisoners brought in; and, as I was dripping with blood, many officers stepped out of the ranks, and kindly offered *le pauvre diable*, as they termed me, their canteens.

"Under the repeated shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' I arrived near the suite of Napoleon, and the emperor himself came up to me. I should not have known him, had not some of the officers, pushing me forward, called out,—'Voici l'Empereur!' The victor halted, made a sign for me to advance, and then inquired my name, my rank, my regiment, if I were severely wounded, and other questions of the kind. He then inquired whether the king had commanded in person at Jena; and shook his head doubtfully when I answered in the negative. After exchanging a few words with General Le Febvre Desnouettes, the latter repeated the question in German, observing, when I again replied in the negative, that I had probably no means of obtaining information on such points. Napoleon then inquired what was the strength of the army which had fought at Jena, and seemed unwilling to believe, when I told him that it consisted of 47 battalions and 76 squadrons. This led to some conversation with the group of surrounding officers, from which I only gathered that they thought we had fought very bravely, the smallness of our numbers considered. The emperor, again turning to me, said, 'You have fought like brave soldiers; I respect such enemies, and have given orders for the prisoners to be well treated: you may go.' I was endeavouring to retire, when some Saxon officers, and the young cadet Steinau, of my own regiment, were brought in. Napoleon, perceiving by the uniform of the latter that we belonged to the same corps, again addressed me, saying, 'What means this? what has this child to do here?' I explained that he was a cadet, and that it was usual to enter our service at an early age. He then inquired the name and station of his father, adding, 'I do not make war on children, and will send him back to his mother: he is too young to be a soldier.' He was all this time very friendly, and, taking a biscuit which a servant presented on a salver, gave it to young Steinau, observing, that he would 'probably be hungry enough.'

"Then, addressing himself to the Saxons, he said, that he did not recognise them as enemies, had no intention to make war upon them, and only came to liberate them from the yoke of Prussia. I was then, for my part, led to the rear, General Le Febvre Desnouettes having directed my hussar-guide to cause me to be well attended to in Jena. Such was my first and last interview with Napoleon."

The details of the battles of Jena and Auerstadt belong not to our subject, and a few words indicating the general result can alone be added here.

The main body of the Prussian army, marching towards Magdeburg, found itself unexpectedly opposed at Auerstadt by the corps of Davoust, which was mistaken for the whole French army. An action was immediately engaged, in which the Duke of Brunswick received a mortal wound: the second in command shared the same fate; and the first line failed to make any impression on the French. Blucher offered to renew the attack with the second line, which had not fought; but the king, though he at first sanctioned the proposal, arrested the onset; and it was resolved to halt, and wait for news from Prince Hohenloe's corps.

These came with the ordinary speed of evil tidings; and the army, arrested in front by Davoust, followed by the victorious troops of Napoleon, endeavoured to reach Magdeburg and the Elbe by a circuitous march through cross roads. At first the rear bore some resemblance of order; but the two defeated armies falling back upon each other, and Prince Hohenloe's troops mixing during the night with those of the king's army, as the main body was called, the whole fell into disorder, which darkness augmented, till daybreak displayed the confused crowd moving along in a state of total disorganisation,—infantry, cavalry, artillery, all mixed up together in wild and inextricable confusion. Fifty thousand men only reached Magdeburg; and, though some regularity was here restored, the morale of the troops could not be re-established; and the most incredible folly marked every farther step of this ill-fated host, once distinguished for talents, bravery, and conduct. In the midst of fertile provinces, well-stored magazines, they declared that immediate famine was threatening them; and, with tumbrils overflowing, they fancied themselves in want of ammunition. The army marched towards the Oder, but every hour brought fresh losses. The quartermaster-general, not recollecting that he could hardly ride thirty miles, and hold a conference with a French marshal in the course of one brief hour, mistook the western shore of the lake of Prenzlau for the eastern; and the commander-in-chief, a cavalry officer of bravery and experience, forgetting alike his geography and horsemanship, made ten thousand men lay down their arms, in open country, before a few squadrons of French cavalry! The detached corps follow too readily the example of the main body; and Blucher alone upheld in this period of darkness the honour of the Prussian name. Beset by French troops, attacked by the corps of Bernadotte, Soult, and Lannes, the intrepid soldier fought to the last extremity, and only surrendered after his last cartridge had been expended and his last loaf of bread consumed. The last to strike his country's banner in the hour of adversity, he was, as we shall see, the first to raise it in the hour of hope and prosperity.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART VI.—Continued.

On returning to my chamber, shuddering and wretched, I found a despatch on my table. It was from Downing Street; an order, that within twelve hours after its receipt, I should set out from Paris, and make my way, with the utmost secrecy, to the head-quarters of the Austrian and Prussian army: where further orders would be waiting for me.

This command threw me into new perplexity. It had been my purpose to find my unfortunate friend, if he was not already in the bosom of the Seine, or a victim to some of the popular violences. But my orders were peremptory. I, however, did all that was in my power. I spent the day in looking for him through all the hotels and hospitals; and, after a hopeful search, gave my man of mystery, Mendoza, a commission—paid for at a rate that made him open his hollow eyes wide with incredulity on the coin—to discover and protect him, wherever he was to be found.

But I had now another difficulty which threatened to nip my diplomatic honours in the bud. The news had just arrived, that the allied armies had passed the frontier, and were sweeping all before them with fire and sword. A populace is always mad with courage, or mad with cowardice; and the Parisians, who, but yesterday, were ready to have made a march round the globe,

* The Prussian officers wore black and silver sashes.

now thought the wells and cellars of the city not too deep, or too dark to hold them. They would have formed a camp in the catacombs, if they could. All was sudden terror. The barriers were shut. Guards were posted tenfold at all the gates. Men were ranged on the heights round the city, to make signals of the first approach of the Prussian hussars; and the inhabitants spent half the day on every house top that commanded a view of the country, waiting for the first glimpse of their devourers. To escape from this city of terror now became next to impossible. All my applications were powerless. The government were themselves regarded as under lock and key; the populace, as if determined that all should share a common massacre, were clustered at the barriers, pike in hand, to put all "emigrants" to death; the ambassador was, as ambassadors generally are in cases of real difficulty, a cipher; and yet I must leave Paris within twelve hours, or be cashiered.

It at length occurred to me to avail myself of my Jewish spy, and I found him listening to a midnight harangue in the midst of a Jacobin crowd, in the Palais Royal. He considered the matter for a while; and I walked about leaving him to his free invention, while I contrasted the brilliant blaze of the gaming and dancing-rooms above me with the assassin-like darkness of the galleries below. At length he turned to me. "There is but one way. Have you any objection to be arrested?"

"The greatest imaginable," was my answer.

"Just as you please," he replied; "but I have here an order for the seizure of one of the emigrant agents, a Chevalier Lafontaine, lately arrived in Paris. He has been seen in the palace, but we have missed him for the last twelve hours. The order is for Vincennes. Will you take his place?"

I naturally looked all surprise, and peremptorily refused.

"Do as you will," said my intractable adviser; "but there is no other way to pass the gates. I shall take you to Vincennes as a state prisoner; I have influence there. In short, if you trust me you shall be safe, and on your road by daybreak. If you do not, here your life is uncertain; you are known, watched, and the first order that I receive to-morrow, may be one for your apprehension."

All this was likely enough; there was but a moment to deliberate, and I got into the first cabriolet, and drove with him to the barrier. The streets still exhibited scattered bands, who questioned us from time to time, but the words, "By order of the Municipality," which were enough to terrify the stoutest hearts, and the display of his badge, carried us through. We passed the guard at the gate, after a slight examination of the order, and galloped to Vincennes.

At the sight of the frowning fortress my blood chilled, and I refused to go further. "In that case," said my conductor, "I am compromised, and you are ruined; the first patrol will seize you, while I shall be shot. I pledge myself, that here you shall not remain; but I must be acquitted to the head of the police. You shall be M. le Chevalier Lafontaine for the night; and, if such a man exists, you will probably be the means of saving his life. To-morrow I shall bring proofs of my mistake, and then you will be outside the walls of Paris, and free to go where you please."

The name of Lafontaine decided me. Even the risk seemed less serious than before, and we drove over the drawbridge. The interior of the fortress formed a striking contrast to the scenes which I had just left behind me. All was still, stern, and noiseless.

"Give me your papers," said Mendoza; "they will be safer in my hands than in yours."

I had but time to give him my despatch, as we passed through the court which led to the governor's apartments. I was searched in the presence of that important functionary, a meagre old captain of invalids, who had been roused from his bed and was evidently half asleep. I stoutly denied my being "the criminal who had offended the majesty of the people." But as the governor himself, on gazing at me with his purblind eyes, was perfectly satisfied of my identity, there was no use in contesting the point. A couple of sentinels were placed at the door of my cell, and I was left, like himself, to my slumbers. Before the door closed, I grasped my guide by the throat. The thought that I had been entrapped, actually agonized me.

"Am I betrayed?" I asked, in a whisper of fury.

The only answer was, "Mordocai."

I felt security in the word, and, without a further pang, heard his tread echoing along the distant corridor.

Time rolls on whether we are happy or miserable. Morning came, and found me feverish from a thousand dreams. Noon came, and my impatience grew with the hour. Evening came, and yet no symptom of my liberation. If, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," confidence duped, and blindly, weakly, rashly doped, turns to torture.

Why trust a known agent of the police? Why put my liberty into his hands? Why, above all, make him master of my papers? I was overwhelmed with shame. I writhed with remorse. As hour after hour dragged its slow length along, I sank from dejection to dejection, or burst from rage to rage. But at last, when the drums of the garrison were making their final flourish for the night, the key turned in the door of my cell, and the Jew entered. I almost sprang upon him, and his life would have been worth little, but for the words—"You may now leave the fortress." He told me, further, that my absence was fortunate, for a domiciliary visit had been paid to my apartments by direction of the municipality; my trunks examined, and my doors sealed. My absence was imputed to flight; and, as jails were then the only safe residences in France, I had escaped actual imprisonment simply by my volunteer detention; to watch the event, had been the source of his delay. All was speedily settled with the old commandant, who was now as perfectly "convinced, on his own knowledge," that I was not the chevalier, as he had been convinced on the night before that I was. Mendoza's proofs were registered in due form; and with unspeakable delight I once again mounted his cabriolet, and heard the chains of the drawbridge rattle behind me.

My Jew had been true to his pledge. I found horses provided for me at a lonely cabaret, a league off. With the minute foresight which men of his trade learn, he had provided for me a couple of disguises—the garb of a peasant, which I was to use when I passed among the soldiery; and the uniform of an aide-de-camp, with which I was to keep down enquiries when I came among the peasantry. But I was weary of disguise. It had never thriven with my temperament. I was determined, at all events, now to trust to chance and my proper person; and if I must fail, have the satisfaction of failing after my own style. The only recompense which my magnanimous police-officer would receive, was a promise that I should mention his conduct to Mordocai; and, gathering up his rejected wardrobe, he departed.

Fortunately I found disguises unnecessary, though at any other time they might have been essential. The country was all in a state of flight, and every man was too much employed in securing himself, to think of laying hold of others. Thus galloped I through hill and dale, through bush and brier, unquestioned

and almost unseen; until on the evening of the fourth day, as I plunged into a forest, which for the last half hour I had been imagining into a scene of fairy-land, a bower where a pilgrim might finish his journey for life, or a man, "crazed by care, or crossed in hopeless love," might forget woman and woe together—I was awakened to the realities of things by the whistle of a bullet, which struck off a branch within an inch of my head, followed by a fierce howl for the countersign. By all the laws of war, the howl should have come first; but these were not times for ceremony. A troop of Hulus rushed round me, sabre in hand. I stood like a stoic; and, of course, attempted to tell who I was. But my German was unintelligible to my captors, and my French, a suspicious language on a Prussian outpost, only confirmed their opinion that I was born to be stripped. Accordingly one demanded my watch, another my purse, and I was in a fair way of entering the Prussian lines in a state of pauperism, or of being "left alone in my glory" by shot or sabre, when an officer rode up, whom I had casually known in some Parisian circle. To him I could explain myself, and to him I exhibited the envelope of my letter, inscribed with the words, "Grand Quartier General." My new friend bowed to this awful address like a Turk to the firman of the padisha, poured out a volley of wrath on the troop, ordered the instant and very reluctant restitution of my property, and with a couple of the squadron at our heels, took me under his escort, to deliver my papers in person.

After an hour's gallop through rocks, rivulets, and brambles, which seemed without end, and totally uninhabited, except by an occasional patrol of the irregulars of the Austrian and Prussian forces—barbarians as savage-looking as ever were Goth or Hun, and capital substitutes for the wolves and wild-boars which they had ejected for the time—a sudden opening of the forest brought us within view of the immense camp of the combined armies.

All the externals of war are splendid; it is the interior, the consequences, the operation of that mighty trampler of man that are startling. This was my first sight of that most magnificent of all the atrocious inventions of human evil—an army. The forces of the two most warlike monarchies of Europe were spread before me; nearly a hundred and fifty thousand troops, with all the numberless followers of a host in the field, covering a range of low hills which circled the horizon. While we were still at a considerable distance, a gun was fired from the central hill, answered by others from the flanks. The rolling of drums set the vast line in motion, and just at the moment when the sun was lying on the edge of the west, the brigades, descending each from its height, halted on the slope. The whole vast manœuvre was executed with the exactness of a single mind. The blaze of the sun on the arms, the standards, and the tents crowning the brow of the hills, was magical. "Are they marching to battle?" was my amazed question to my companion. His only answer was to check his charger, take off his shako, and bend his forehead to his saddle-bow. A burst of universal harmony, richer than I had ever yet conceived, explained the mystery. It was the evening prayer. The fine bands of the regiments joined the voices of the soldiery, and I listened in unbroken rapture and reverence, until its close. In court or cathedral, in concert or shrine, I had never before so much felt the power of sound. It finished in a solemn chorus, an accumulation of music. I could have almost imagined it ascending, embodied, to heaven.

The fire of cannon announced the conclusion of the service; we put spurs to our horses, and soon entered the lines; and, on the strength of my credentials, I had distinguished quarters assigned to me.

I now, for the first time since I left England, began to feel the advantages of birth. In London every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his head high enough out of the living surge to be known, must have something of remarkable buoyancy, or peculiar villany, about him. Even Parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The member for the shire is clipped of all his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl. In Paris, once the Mahometan paradise of stars and garters, the central herald's office of the earth, the royal region of the Parliament aristocracy, where the beggar with a cordon on his breast outshone the banker with millions in his pocket-book, the world was changed; and to be son or brother of a peer might have been only a speedier passport to the lamp-post. But, in Germany, the land of pedigrees, to be an "honourable" was to be one on whom the sun shone with double beams; the sex, young and old, smiled with double softness, and the whole host of Serenities were doubly serene. In camp, nothing could be more hospitable or distinguished than my reception; for the soldier is always good-humoured under canvass, and the German is good-humoured every where. Perhaps he has rather too high an opinion of his descent from Goth and Vandal, but he makes allowance for the more modern savagery of Europe; and although the stranger may neither wear spectacles, nor smoke cigars, neither muzzle his visage with mustaches, nor speak the most formidable tongue on earth, the German will good-naturedly admit, that he may be a human being after all.

But the man with whom my mission brought me most immediately into contact, and to whom I was most indebted for courtesy, would have been a remarkable personage in any country of Europe; that man was the Duke of Brunswick.

On my arrival, I found two letters forwarded from London, and in the hands of an aid-de-camp of the generalissimo. The first which I opened was from the Foreign Office, a simple statement of the purpose for which I was sent—namely, to stimulate the activity of the Prussian councils, and to urge on the commander of the army an immediate march on the French capital; with a postscript, directing me, in case of tardiness being exhibited at headquarters, instantly to transmit a despatch home, and return to my post in Paris. The second letter—which I must, however undiplomatically, admit that I opened with much stronger interest—was from Mordocai. I glanced over it for some mention of the "ane brow name," and bitterly laughed at my own folly in expecting to find such communications in the letter of the hard-headed and busy Jew. All was brief and rapid.

"If this shall find you in the Prussian camp, you will have no more time for me than I have for you. Let me not clip your diplomatic hopes; but this I forewarn you, you will not obtain a single object of your journey; except, perhaps, showing that you can gallop a hundred miles in the four-and-twenty hours, and can make your way through a country of lunatics without being piked or sabred."

"The campaign is over already—over before it was begun. The battle was fought in the council at Berlin, and the allies were beaten. The duke, within the next fortnight, will be deciding on the merits of the ballet in Brunswick, and the French will be madder than ever with triumphs which they never won, preparing for conquests which are already gained, and knocking down thrones, the owners themselves supplying the pickaxes and hammers. You will see the two best armies of the Continent running away from their own shadows; the old councillors of Frederick and Maria Theresa baffled by cabi-

nets of cobblers and tinkers; grey-beard generals, covered with orders, hunted over the frontier by boys, girls, and old women; and France, like a *poissarde* in a passion, with her hair flying about her ears, a knife in her hand, and her tongue in full swing, scampering half naked over Europe, to the infinite wonder of the wearers of velvet, Mechlin lace, and diadems,—ha, ha, ha!"

While I was trying to decipher this riddle, which was rather too contemptuous for my new views of things, but which I referred to the habitual feelings of a strong-headed man in humble life, brought just close enough to higher to feel his exclusion, an officer was announced as Count Varnhorst, on the staff of the duke. His countenance struck me at first sight, as one which I had seen before: and I soon discovered, that when I was a boy at Eton, he had been on a visit of a few days at Mortimer castle, in the suite of one of the Prussian princes. We had been thus old friends, and we now became young ones within the first quarter of an hour. His countenance was that of a humourist, and his recollections of the Great Frederick rendered him sarcastic on all things of the later generation.

"The duke has sent me for you," said he, "with his apology for keeping you out of bed; but he has appointed midnight for the delivery of your despatches. The truth is, that hitherto we have all slept so soundly, that we must make up for lost time by turning night into day now, just as we have turned day into night for the last twelvemonth."

"But what can you tell me of the duke?"

"Oh! a great deal; but you know that I am on his staff, and therefore bound to keep his secrets."

"Yet, count, remember that we have sworn an eternal friendship within the last five minutes. What can he or I be the worse for my knowing his great and good qualities?"

"My dear young friend, when you are as old as I am, you will see the improprieties of such questions."

"Well, then, to come to the point; is he a great general?"

"He speaks French better than any other prince in Germany."

"Is he an able politician?"

"You must see him on horseback; he rides like a centaur."

"Well, then, in one sentence, will he fight the French?"

"That wholly depends on whether he turns his horse's head towards Paris or Berlin."

"Count, but one question more, which you may answer without a riddle. Do you think that he will receive my mission cordially?"

"He speaks your language; he wears your broad cloth; he loves your porter; and he has married one of your princesses."

"All my difficulties are answered. I am ready; but what shall I find him doing at this extraordinary hour?"

"If asleep, dreaming of the opera at Brunswick; if awake, dreaming of the opera at Paris."

His diamond repeater, which he had laid on the table between us, struck twelve as he spoke; and, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we sallied forth into one of the most starry nights of autumn, and made our way, through long ranges of patrols and videttes, to the quarters of the generalissimo.

The mansion was an old chateau, evidently long abandoned to loneliness and decay one of those huge edifices; whose building had cost one fortune, and whose support had exhausted another. But the struggle had been over for the last fifty years, and two or three shrivelled domestics, remained to keep out the invasion of the bats and owls. But at this period the chateau exhibited, of course, another scene: aides-de-camp, generals, orderlies, couriers—all the clang and clamour of the staff of a great army—rang through the wild old halls, and echoed up the long ghostly corridors. Every apartment was a blaze of light, and filled with groups of officers of the Prussian and Austrian guards; all was billiard-playing, talking, singing in chorus, and carousing in all the noisy gaiety of the soldier in good quarters.

"All this is tempting enough," said the old count, as we hastened along a gallery that seemed endless, but on which the open doors of the successive apartments threw broad illumination. "I dare say, Mr. Marston, that you would prefer taking your seat among those lively fellows, to the honour of a ducal conference; but my orders are, that you must not be seen until the duke gives you *carte blanche* to appear among human beings again."

The count now opened the door of an apartment, which appeared to have been more lately tenanted than the rest, yet which exhibited signs of the general desertion; a marble table, covered with a decaying drapery, a Carrara alabaster of Niobe and her children on the mantelpiece, a huge mirror, and a tapestry of one of the hunts of Henri Quatre, showed that Time had been there, and that the Prussians had not; but the indistinct light of the single chandelier left me but little opportunity of indulging my speculations on the furniture. The count had left me, to ascertain when the duke should be at leisure to receive me; and my first process was, like a good soldier, to reconnoitre the neighbouring territory. The first door which I opened led into a conservatory, filled with the remnants of dead foliage, opening on the gardens of the chateau, which, wild as they now were, still sent up a fragrance doubly refreshing, after the atmosphere of meerschaums, hot brandy, and Rhine beer, which filled the galleries. The casement distantly overlooked the esplanade in front of the chateau; and the perpetual movements of the couriers and estafettes, arriving and departing every moment, the galloping of cavalry, and the march of patrols, occupied me until a valet of the duke came to acquaint me that supper was served, by his highness's commands, in the apartment which I had lately quitted, and that he would be present in a few minutes.

I returned of course; and found the chamber which I had left so dark and dilapidated, changed as if by a fairy wand, into pomp and elegance. The duke was renowned for splendid extravagance, and the table was covered with rich plate, the walls glittered with a profusion of gilt lamps, and all round me had the look of regal luxury. But one object suddenly caught my gaze, and left me no power to glance at any other. In a recess, which had hitherto been obscure, but over which now blazed a brilliant girandole, hung a full-length portrait of a nun, which, but for the dress, I should have pronounced to be Clotilde; the same Greek profile, the same deep yet vivid eye, the same matchless sweetness of smile, and the same mixture of melancholy and enthusiasm, which had made me think my idol fit to be the worship of the world. I stood wrapped in astonishment, delight, pain, a thousand undefined feelings, until I could have almost imagined that the canvass before me lived. I saw its eye all but glisten, its lips all but open to speak; the very marble of its cheek began to glow, when I was awakened by a lively voice, saying, in French—"Ah, Mr. Marston, I perceive that you are a connoisseur." I turned, and saw the speaker, a man somewhat above the middle size; a remarkably noble-looking personage; in full dress even at that hour, powdered and perfumed, and altogether a court figure; his hands loaded with jewels, and a diamond star of the order of the garter upon his breast. It required no introducer to tell me that I was in the presence of the Duke of Brunswick.

"Come," said he, "we have no time for etiquette, nor indeed for any thing else to-night—we must sup first, and then talk of your mission."

We sat down; a double file of valets, in liveries, loaded with embroidery, attended at the table; though the party consisted of but four; Varnhorst, and a Colonel Guiseard, chief of the secret diplomacy, a pale Spanish-featured officer—to whom his highness did me the honour of introducing me, as the son of one of his old friends.

"You remember Marston," said he, "at Brunswick, five-and-twenty years ago, in his envoyship—a capital horseman, a brilliant dresser, and a very promising diplomatist. I augured well of his future career, but"—the infinite elevation of the ducal shoulders, and the infinite drooping of the ducal eyes, completed the remainder of my unfortunate parent's history; but whether in panegyric or censure, I was not sufficiently versed in science of saying nothing and implying all things, to tell. Guiseard fixed his deep hollow eye on me, without a word: at that moment he reminded me exactly of one of the Inquisitors—the deep, dark-visaged men whom the matchless pencil of Velasquez has immortalized.

Varnhorst burst out into a laugh.

"What, Guiseard," said he, "are you reconnoitring the ground before you make the attack? Your royal highness, I think we ought to vindicate our country to this English gentleman, by assuring him that the colonel is not a cardinal in disguise."

The colonel merely smiled, which seemed an effort for his cloistered physiognomy; the duke laughed, and began a general conversation upon all possible topics—England forming the chief; the royal family—the court—the theatres—parliament—the people—all whirled over with the ease and rapidity of one turning the leaves of an album; here a verse and there a portrait—here a sketch of a temple, and there an outline of a cottage—the whole pretty, and as trifling as pretty, and cast aside at the first moment when any thing better worth thinking of occurred.

In the midst of our gaiety, in which the duke had completely laid down his sceptre, and taken his full share, the great clock of the chateau tolled one. The table was instantly swept of supper—the valets withdrew. I heard the tread of a sentinel at the door of the apartment; and the duke, instantly changing from the man of fashion to the statesman, began to enter into the questions then so deeply disturbing all the cabinets of Europe.

I found the duke a very superior man to what I had conceived of him. He was frank and free, spoke of the intentions of the allies in the most open manner, and censured the errors which they had already committed, with a plainness which I had not expected to find out of London. He had evidently made himself master of a great variety of knowledge, and with the happy but most unusual power of rendering it all applicable to the point in question. My impressions of him and his order, imbibed among the prejudices of England and the libels of France, was that of frivolity and fluster—an idle life and a stagnant understanding. I never was more surprised at the contrast between this conception and the animated and accomplished prince before me. He seemed to know not merely the persons of all the leading men of Europe—which might have naturally been the case with one who had visited every capital—but to be acquainted with their characters, their abilities, and even their modes of thinking. He seemed to me a man born to rule. It was in later days that the habits of a voluptuary, of which his peculiar love of dress might have been slightly symptomatic, produced their effect, in enfeebling a mind made for eminence. I saw him afterwards, broken with years and misfortune. But on this night I could only see a man on whom the destinies of Europe were rightly reposed. I pay this tribute of honour to his memory.

He spoke a great deal, in our conference, on the necessity of a strong European combination against France, and flatteringly addressed to me a strong panegyric on my country.

"If we can obtain," said he, "the cordial co-operation of the English people, I see no difficulty before us. We already have the Ministry with us; but I know the Englishman's hatred of a foreign war, his horror of public expenditure on continental interests, and his general distrust of the policy of foreign courts. And until we can give the people some evidence, not only that our intentions are sincere, but that our cause is their own, we shall never have the nation on our side."

My remark was, "that the chief difficulty with the nation would be, to convince them that the Allied Powers were not influenced by personal motives; I said that the seizure of territory, while the French remained in their defenceless state, would probably excite strong public displeasure in England; and plain I stated, that the only thing which could engage the public spirit in the war, would be a conviction of its absolute justice and stern necessity."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of a staff-officer with despatches from Berlin. A number of papers were laid on the table, and handed over to Varnhorst and Guiseard to read. They proved chiefly notes and orders relative to the advance of the army. One paper, however, the duke read with evident interest, and marked with his pencil down the margin.

"I am delighted," said he, "that this paper has reached us at last. Mr. Marston will now see what my real advice has been from the beginning. The French journals have attacked me furiously for the declaration issued at our entrance on the frontier. The journals of England have partly echoed the French, and I am held up to the world as the author of the *Declaration of Pilsnitz*. This paper, which Mr. Marston will do me the honour to send at day-break to his court by a special messenger, will clear my character with his countrymen at once—with the rest of Europe, I am content to wait a little longer."

He then read the paper in his hand; and it was a long and striking protest against the idea of partitioning France, or having any other intention in the movement of the troops than the security of the French throne. This document had been sent to the Council at Berlin, and been returned by them for revision by the duke, and the softening of its rather uncourtly decisiveness of expression. It stated, that even the conquest of France, if it could be effected, must be wholly useless without the conciliation of the people: that it must be insecure, that it never could be complete, and that even the attempt might rouse this powerful people to feel its own force, and turn its vast resources to war. The first measure ought, therefore, to be an address to the nation, pronouncing in the clearest language, an utter abjuration of all local seizure.

The paper thus returned, and containing the observations of the council, was given to Varnhorst, to be copied. "And now," said the duke, "gentlemen, I think we may retire for the night; for we have but three hours until the march in the morning."

I said some common-place thing, of the obligations which Europe must owe to a sovereign prince, exposing himself to such labours, honourable as they were.

"No," he smilingly replied; "they are part of our office, the routine of the life of princes, the vocation of men born for the public alone. The prince,

must be a soldier, and the soldier must make the camp his home, and the palace only his sojourn. It is his fortune, perhaps his misfortune, that but one profession in life is left open to him, whether it be the bent of his temperament or not—while other men may follow their tastes in the choice, serve their fellows in a hundred different ways, and raise a bloodless reputation among mankind. And now, good-night. To-morrow at five the *advance* moves. At six I shall be on horseback, and then—Well! what matter for the *then*? We shall sleep at least to-night; and so, farewell."

MILITARY ANECDOTES, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILKIE.

Gibraltar, in the years 1795-6, offered a curious picture to the stranger; had some Quartermaster-General of the Grecian army, like Ulysses, lost his way in the Mediterranean, and stumbled on one of the Pillars of Hercules, he would no doubt have been assured that he had fallen on the territory of the Jolly God, and that the Bacchanals were dressed in scarlet as a mark of rejoicing. It was a sight to have distracted a teetotaller, drunkenness being only limited by the means of enjoying it. The food of the soldiers was confined to one meal a day, of what is called "the King's own," mess beef or pork, and peas-pudding,—pretty strong provocatives to drink, with the thermometer at 80 degs. Little wonder that all the monthly balances were melted into "rosy wine;" and the ball was kept up in the intervals of what were called *real* men,—those who were employed in the public works, at the wages of a Spanish real a day, and who carried all their money to the wine-houses. There were two kinds of beverage in fashion: "black-strap," a rough Catalonian wine of some body, and a sweet, druggish, Malaga white wine; the junction of these was poetically denominated "thunder and lightning." In those days also it was looked on as a mark of spirit and good fellowship among the officers to go to bed every night "glorious," and with them also it was only limited by the means. I knew an officer of Grenadiers, who, whenever he went out to dine, which was pretty frequently, had two men of his company go to fetch him home between eleven and twelve, with as much regularity, and equally a thing of course, as a dowager ordering her chair at a card-party. As a matter of hospitality, these two porters, or supporters, were generally *well* treated at the strange mess; and the consequence was, that the trio often did not arrive at the barracks until the morning gun had fired.

If a man felt himself overpowered by the effects of his evening's potations, he had no occasion to disturb himself; there were no morning parades, except for punishment (punishment in more senses than one;) he might indulge in bed as long as he liked, then get up, have some broiled ham, and a *soupeon* of brandy in his tea; I have often seen a jug of cold punch at this meal, by way of refresher; then adjourn to the racket-court with a supply of flannel waistcoats, and the inner man supported by jorums of *sangaree*. This sharp practice under a broiling sun soon drove away the dregs of the last night's debauch, substituting in its place the more gentle stimulus of Madeira and water. The dinner hour was five, and about an hour afterwards was the evening parade: this, to both officers and men, might be called the most lucid interval of the twenty-four hours; it served also as an excuse for the more temperate, or those who could least afford it, to withdraw; the good fellows returned to the mess after the parade, and took a fresh departure. All sorts of bets and devices were resorted to for the purpose of raising wine by the dozen; among these it was the custom to have one side of the mess-table remain perfectly silent, while their opposites provoked them, by every sort of means, to break the ban; if any one suffered a word to escape his lips during this period of forced taciturnity, he was booked directly for a bottle of wine. All bets were made in that fluid, and on particular occasions of cricket matches, foot races, &c., the wager was a supper; in the latter case, the jollification was kept up till gun-fire in the morning. Little did it avail the sober gentlemen to go to bed on these *wet* nights; they were dragged out in their shirts, and made, *volens volens*, partakers in the fun.

Amidst such orgies, it might be conceived that the safety of the garrison ran some risks, more especially as we were on the eve of war with Spain; but whatever general laxity might exist among the troops, General O'Hara was no less stringent on all matters of duty; the utmost vigilance and attention was required of all the guards, and they were kept on the alert by the frequent visits of the General himself, and by grand and visiting rounds. To distinguish mounted officers at a distance, they had all different feathers; General Officers black, Colonels blue, Lieutenant-Colonels red, and the junior Field Officers yellow. The General, who was constantly in movement, was one day at Waterport, when he saw at a distance a soldier carrying a mattress on his shoulders; he called to him, and asked where he was going; the man not being gifted with powers of invention, acknowledged that he was taking his burthen to his master, who was on guard at the New Mole. "Come here, sir," was the General's order, as he led the way to the sea, "here, put your bed there," pointing to the water. After making the fellow dance upon it for a few minutes, he continued—"Now take it to your master, with my compliments, and say I hope he will have a pleasant night's sleep."

There was an officer in the garrison who could imitate exactly the General's voice, and he used to amuse himself by alarming the guards that he could approach without being seen, more particularly the lines, in rear of which is a series of excavations in the rock, designed as bomb proofs in case of siege. This great vigilance will not appear misplaced when the responsibility of the charge is taken into account; an officer who is surprised is disgraced; but what would be thought of a Governor of Gibraltar who allowed himself to be caught napping? The possession of this place was always so galling to the Spaniards, that the Bourbons of that race would, at any time, have risked a war with England for the capture of Gibraltar.

We may imagine that political morality has not much improved in Spain of late years, and although the unhappy people are now busy in cutting each other's throats, the time may arrive that they will become united, and again turn their eyes of envy on a foreign fortress on their own territory. Although by no means impregnable, Gibraltar is, undoubtedly, very strong; and the most feasible means of getting possession would be by stratagem or surprise. That the latter is not altogether impossible, the fact is well recorded of five hundred Spaniards having climbed up the back of the rock and gained Middle Hill before they were discovered; if we consider that there is a sea line of three miles in extent, recollecting the speedy movements of steam vessels, and that there are only four thousand men to defend all points of this extensive fortress, the utmost and unrelaxing vigilance should always be in activity to insure its security.

In order to show that no place should blindly trust to its great natural or artificial strength, or the valour or numbers of its defenders, I may be allowed to

introduce here the surprise of a fortified place fully garrisoned with brave troops, which only failed to its fullest extent, by one of those trifling accidents which often, in war, disconcert the best imagined plans. It may be met with more favour, when stating that the enterprise was conceived and executed by a warrior whose fame is partly British; Prince Eugene having been, during the glorious wars of Queen Anne's reign, the friend and brother-in arms of Marlborough.

In our own days we hear only of Cremona as a place of fiddles, and Stradivarius its greatest man of note. At the beginning of last century it was a *place d'armes*, well fortified, the head-quarters of the French army under Villeroi, and the centre of his cantonments in Lombardy, while the army was in winter quarters. There was a large body of Infantry and Cavalry within the fortress of Cremona, and the place was covered by a considerable force under the Marquis de Crequi, in cantonments between the Po and the Oglio. Over the former there was a bridge and *tête de pont* guarded by the garrison of Cremona.

The Imperial army under Prince Eugene was distributed in winter quarters on the Upper Oglio, the Adda, and Mincio. The Prince had several spies in Cremona, who informed him that owing to the confidence arising from the large force within the walls, and the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, the more garrison duties were entirely neglected; guards were simply placed at the different gates, but there were no rounds at night to ascertain that they performed their duty. On this information Prince Eugene formed the plan of surprising the place. Scrub, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, says, "he is sure there is a plot, for there is a woman and a priest at work." In the present instance there was only half this intrigue power brought into play; had a woman been also employed, perhaps the success might have been quite complete. The priest who was the agent in this affair, officiated in a small church remote from the busy part of the town; his house joined the sacred edifice, and close to his cellars was one of the large sewers that carried off the water from the town, which was neither grated or guarded; by this, and one or two others of these water channels, he introduced six hundred men, who were concealed partly in his house, and partly in the church, which was not open on week days; this must have been an *odorous* congregation. He likewise lodged in the same place, and amongst his associates, several soldiers who had come into the place disguised as peasants. These men had generally concealed under their frocks, or blouses, tools and pioneers' instruments.

Marshal Villeroi, who had been making a tour of the cantonments, having heard that Prince Eugene was making some movements in his quarters on the Upper Oglio, returned to Cremona the night before the surprise. Not that he had any fear for the place itself, but apprehended some design against the quarters of the Marquis de Crequi; he, on the other hand, warned the Marshal, that his spies had informed him that the design was against Cremona itself. Between them both they neglected all means of ascertaining whether the Prince would cross the Oglio, by not having established patrols at the bridge of Vesdiano, the only route by which he could have approached; consequently the Imperialists crossed the bridge and arrived with a body of horse and foot, amounting to seven thousand men, before the two gates of Cremona that they meant to attack, without the least suspicion. In the meantime, the men who had been concealed within the town seized the guard at the principal gate without alarm, and opened it to their friends: the other gate, near the priest's house, had been walled up, and on the rampart was stationed a guard of ten men, but they had no sentry, even at the guard-house door, and were all caught napping. The wall that closed up the gate was pulled down by the pioneers, and another column admitted, which had orders to march along the ramparts, seize the gate of the Po at the other side of the town, and admit another column, which only waited beyond the *tête de pont* for the signal to attack the post there, and join their friends in the town. This part of the project was defeated by two or three accidents. M. de Crenaw, the Inspector of French Infantry, had accompanied Marshal Villeroi from Milan to Cremona the preceding day: he wished to review all the troops in garrison in detail; and to begin early, ordered the two regiments that were quartered near the gate of the Po, to be under arms a little before daylight, so that he might inspect them as soon as it was light. In long winter nights, it is not very easy for soldiers to calculate this period exactly;—here they erred on the right side, and were under arms considerably before the time. The column of Imperialists marching along the ramparts, as soon as they could gain a sight of these troops in the obscurity, imagined that their enterprise had been discovered and anticipated, they began immediately to fire. The French, though much astonished at the attack, could have no doubt that it proceeded from enemies, returned the fire, and a sharp action commenced, which soon called up the rest of the French troops, who joined their comrades in succession. The first ready, were two regiments that were to have been reviewed in succession after those of the gate of the Po, and who were nearly dressed when the firing began; a detachment of cavalry also that had been ordered to march to Piacenza were ready to mount, and they joined the combatants. The action was carried on in the streets under the directions of the inferior officers, assisted by the bravery of the French troops, as Marshal Villeroi had been made prisoner in the early part of the affair, M. de Crenaw was mortally wounded, and the two French officers commanding the regiments at the gate of the Po were killed. Notwithstanding these losses, Prince Eugene was obliged to give up the enterprise, by the death of two of his own officers. He who commanded the column that was marching along the ramparts was the only one intrusted with the secret of the combination between his troops and those outside, who were to attack the *tête de pont*, and he was furnished with rockets to make the concerted signal; but he being killed by the first fire from the French battalions, had not time to confide his secret, and no signal was made. Again, the officer who had the command outside, had his legs carried off by a cannon-shot, and being incapable of giving orders, the French had time to secure the bridge. This being the state of affairs, and Prince Eugene conceiving that as soon as the alarm reached the Marquis de Crequi's quarters, he would endeavour to cut off his retreat, gave orders to retire, which was effected with very serious loss; and the only results were, the capture of Marshal Villeroi, the Commissary of Musters, and some other officers taken prisoners, when the first alarm was given.

I have introduced this detail of a well-known historical fact, as one of the most remarkable in the history of surprises; and because in some points it bears considerable resemblance to the unfortunate attack of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814; perhaps, as a precedent, it may offer the best excuse for that luckless enterprise.

The regiment I was in at Gibraltar at the time above alluded to, received orders to be drafted, and returned a skeleton to England in the autumn of 1796, and we were located in that rural spot called Hulsea barracks. Our Commanding officer, Colonel Campbell, was a Highlandman of the Argyshire clan. It used to be attributed to the Celtic race, that they possessed a good stock of prejudices, and an equal quantity of obstinacy. In these attributes, Colonel

Campbell was a perfect Celt. In his earlier days, when a Captain, he was wounded in the arm at the battle of Bunker's Hill, in America, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The medical men wished to dress his arm, but he would have no American come near his wound. It remained thus, with the blood merely stanchied, until his wife, who was on board ship, landed and joined him in his state of duance. She got him exchanged, and removed into the British lines, but too late as regarded his wound. As prognosticated by the American doctors, he lost the use of his right arm, and it hung useless by his side for the rest of his life. After he had recovered, he went into a public-house to put an end to an affray amongst the soldiers, when an Artilleryman struck him with a pewter-pot on the nose, which broke down the bridge of that useful organ. The man was tried, and sentenced to be shot, but was forgiven at Capt. Campbell's desire.

This interruption of the facial line of beauty gave him a sinister and somewhat savage appearance. On seeing, years afterwards, the portraits of Suwarrow, they put me much in mind of my former Commanding Officer. Like him, too, he was full of eccentricities, with which I could fill a book,—but two or three examples here will suffice.

There was a small inner room belonging to the Colonel's quarters in Hilsa barracks, which served the treble purpose of dressing-room, library, and office; and where he generally received those who called on him officially. One of the officers went to call there one day. There was a broad grin on the servant's face as he pointed to the door of the *sanctum*. When he knocked there was "come in," but the visitor started back on seeing his Commandant in the summer attire of a Caffre Chief. He was re-assured by another "come in;" and pointing to the master tailor, who was pinned up in a corner, the Colonel said to his visitor, "Look at that d—d rascal, he says he cannot measure me, my clothes fit so badly; I have now cut him off from all excuse, by making him measure me without clothes."

On another occasion I went to call there, and as I approached the door of this apartment of many uses I heard a heavy sound, as of some one falling. When I opened the door I saw sprawling on the floor the regimental clerk, covered over with bundles of papers, books, &c. When I looked for an explanation of this downfall the Colonel said, "Only look at that villain! He was copying out fair for me a memorial to the Duke of York, and only imagine what the scoundrel did. He spelt the 'His' before Royal Highness with a small h!" I suppose I was silent with astonishment at this new kind of atrocity, when he continued, "Ah! I see you are shocked, and no wonder."

In the spring of the following year a batch of discharged invalids had been collected at Chelsea, to be sent by a transport to Portsmouth,—for what purpose I don't recollect. An accident happening to the vessel she was towed into Arundel; and to that place I was sent, with a Serjeant, to march the men to Hilsa barracks. As they were in clothes of every sort of colour, except red, their appearance was not very brilliant, but sufficient to excite the curiosity of the people in all the towns and villages, who could form no guess what the motley regiment was meant for; and, as there was no order in the line of march, three hundred and fifty of these invalids covered a considerable space of road. On the second day's march after leaving Chichester, either some foolish fellow in a fright, or what was more likely, by way of *hoax*, rode on to Hilsa and Portsmouth, spreading a report that more than a thousand French had landed at Hayling, and were on their march, with two English officers that they had made prisoners. Foolish as this story was, it found credit at Hilsa, and put our Colonel on the *qui vive*; he had his troops turned out: but after waiting for some time, in hopes of seeing the enemy, and once more smelling powder, he dismissed the men, with orders not to leave the barracks, and to be ready in a moment to turn out,—he himself retiring to his quarters, to indulge in a day-dream of glory; on which he was so intent that he did not observe me, with my tag-rag regiment, enter the square. I went to his quarters to report my arrival. I found him marching up and down his room, holding his useless arm in the hand of the effective one,—an attitude he always assumed when wishing to be *emphatic*,—and as he strutted to and fro he sang, in a sort of half triumphal tone,—

"The Campbells are coming, hurrah, hurrah!
The rebels are running, hurrah, hurrah!"

Some seconds elapsed before he found out that I was in the room, and then he asked me suddenly if I had heard anything of French troops being on the road. I said I had heard of it when I arrived at Cosham; told him the origin of the report, and showed him the party-coloured corps drawn up in the barrack-square. I shall never forget the sardonic grin he gave; I had evidently disenchanted him, and seeing that a storm was likely to rise, I asked if there were any further orders. "No," said he, in his gruffest manner, "send the Adjutant here."

It might be supposed that I have been relating freaks of insanity; but nothing would be further from the reality: the Colonel was a keen, shrewd person, perfectly conversant with the ways of the world, and a kind-hearted man in the main.

Having broached the subject of surprises, I may be allowed to give another instance, which occurred during the Seven Years' War, affected by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, whose name is quite as familiar to Englishmen as that of Prince Eugene; further it may be of interest to us, seeing that the enterprise was effected by British troops: it occurred in the year 1760. The position of the Allied troops, and that of the French, were separated by a considerable distance; in front of the latter, and near their lines, was the town of Zerenberg, having a French garrison. Two Hanoverian officers, who had been in the place for some days in the disguise of peasants, came out and informed the Prince that the garrison of Zerenberg were very careless in the performance of their duties, relying on the vicinity of their own army, and the distance from the position of the Allies. The Prince therefore resolved to attempt to surprise the place. He chose two hundred Highlanders, under the command of Major M'Lean, of the 88th Regiment, and they were to be supported by a corps of Hanoverians. When within a short distance of the place, the Prince and Major M'Lean advanced; when challenged by the first sentry, the Prince answered in French, and the man seeing only two persons advancing whom he had no doubt were French, allowed them to advance without suspicion; when the Major closing up, stabbed him before he could give any alarm. The Highlanders, whose muskets were unloaded, rushed on the guard with fixed bayonets, overpowered them, and then carried the town, having killed or taken the whole garrison of eight hundred men.

The late Colonel Macdonald, of the 55th Regiment, who commanded the brigade in which I served in Holland in 1799, was allowed, by those most competent to judge, to be one of the very best officers in the Service, in all the qualities that form the gallant soldier, and expert commander: he was looked on as one of the most rising men in the profession, and the best hopes were formed of his future career; but these were unfortunately blighted, by increasing habits of inebriety, that finally overset his mind, and ruined his constitution. On

returning from Holland, he most likely thought that he might then indulge, in compensation for the partial restraint he had submitted to when on service. In the winter succeeding that campaign, two of the regiments that had served on it were in Canterbury barracks, where they formed alternately at each other's messes a garrison club. Colonel M— commanded there. When we were in Holland our men imitated the French soldiers, by wearing the *last* of the cocked hats, as the sailors call it, fore and aft; as a defence to their neck from the rain, which poured almost incessantly, and as most convenient to lie down in bivouac. The Colonel had often expressed his dislike of this imitation; but more particularly when he had taken a bottle extra. One evening he appeared at the Garrison Club, evidently well primed, and not very steady in his movement; there was some supper, brandy and water, &c., when the President standing up, gave as a toast "Colonel Macdonald and the Reserve." The person to whom this honour was paid, seemed for a moment to be overcome by his feelings; but standing up at last, or at least trying to do so, he filled a tumbler full of plain brandy, and suiting the word to the action, he lisped out, "The Reserve followed me in spirits—and—and—I'll drink them in spirits," swallowing the dose at the same time without winking. This operating on the wine foundation, made the Colonel see double, and he soon retreated. As he got into the barrack yard, his military ideas became revived; he ordered the guard under arms, made the officer draw them out in single file, and amidst many hicoughs, desired him to tell them off in sections, and march past in ordinary time. This was a picturesque affair, as it was snowing all the time. The Colonel took his station, supported by the friend who was guiding him home, and the men performed the evolution they were commanded. As they marched past, the Commander kept repeating in a grumbling tone, "D—n those hats; d—n those hats." This was an anathema against invisible things, for the soldiers had on forage caps.

I may be allowed to repeat the saying of one of the men who was in the same company with me on this campaign; he was a Scotsman, and the only one in the company. On one occasion, as we were going into action, he recollected that it was Sunday, when turning to some of the men, he said, "Eh! Loard, sirs; what a Sabbath we're going to spend."

I heard once from an old friend, who had served in America, that on a similar occasion, another North Briton repeated the grace before meat: "For what we are going to receive," &c.

CONFESSIONS OF A KEYHOLE.—No. II.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

THE GOOD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Amongst the earliest occupants of the apartment with which, as a keyhole, I am inseparably associated, was Robert Amber. The prefix "Mr." was commonly dispensed with in his case, even by his contemporaries. People spoke of Robert Amber as they may now speak of John Howard.

It was a reputation for integrity, for entire purity of character, that had insensibly led all who knew him to make this distinction. They sought to express a profound reverence, by thus setting aside common ceremony. He appeared to them as the impersonation of a great principal, an embodied truth; and to have addressed him as "Mr.," would have sounded, in some cases, almost as ridiculous as it would be for a glowing and imaginative orator to apostrophize Mrs. Justice or Miss Hope.

The character of the new tenant is thus indicated the moment he makes his appearance, lest it should be erroneously supposed that the non-observance of established formality, with respect to the appellative alluded to, was the result of an irreverent familiarity. No such mistake at least could be committed by any one who had beheld him. Robert Amber had scarcely reached middle life, but his presence was invested with a charm, which the most dignified old age, with all the sanctity and veneration that rightfully belong to it, often fails to awaken.

His figure was tall and thin, his head somewhat drooping, his brow lofty rather than broad, his cheeks pale, his lips inclining, even in perfect repose, to a smile. Heart-seated benevolence, and constitutional serenity of mind, were the qualities most conspicuous in his face. His eye was bright, but it was with the lustre whose mild steadiness promises no flash of fire; and the smiling mouth spoke as little of hearty merriment. A burst of jovial laughter would seem to be as inconsistent with its calm, pleasant natural expression, as a cold blighting sneer, or a volley of curses. He had an air at all times of the most majestic simplicity; his manners were wonderfully sweet and impressive; he seemed at peace with himself and the whole world; and he won confidence universally, by appearing unconscious that he had any quality that could command it.

Robert Amber was known to be a truly good man, charitable, candid, and sincere. He was a man, as the wise observers said, that could be seen through. If there were "dirt, or grubs, or worms" lurking in his composition, he at least affected no concealment of his little blots and blemishes. Whatever fault or foible disfigured him, the most cursory investigator could not help spying it out; and although he by no means intended his virtues to be equally visible to the naked eye of observation at all hours, such was the frank, spontaneous, open, transparent character of his nature, that the inquirer must be blind who failed to note them springing in perpetual freshness and luxuriant abundance.

His character I learned accidentally on the very day of his arrival. On his first entering the room, I was naturally curious to peep at the new comer, whom it was now my destiny to serve in a condition of convenience and utility bordering on the indispensable. As soon as I could fairly espy him, I was enchanted with the—shall I say?—intense respectability of his appearance, with his gentle benevolent aspect, with his modest but elevated air. Honestly, a plain-looking quality enough in others, looked in him sublime. Before the day was over, these my impressions were confirmed, by my overhearing a conversation on the subject of his merits carried on by two visitors who had been shown into the apartment, and were waiting the return of the servant sent to announce their arrival to the good man. I stopped my breath, though the drought was very strong at the time, to listen.

"I know," said the chief speaker, one Lieutenant Fin, as I afterwards found out, a lively honest son of the sea, "I know the Amber family well. My grandfather and Robert's were shipmates—companions, that is, ashore; and my father and his sailed together too, though they never went to sea in their lives; and he and I in turn have been playfellows, friends, in one form or another, ever since we were first launched. He was always heart and mind, what he is now; true as the needle, smooth as the ocean in a calm, clearer and brighter than the deep blue water below, and warm as the summer-heaven above. Nobody ever thought ill of Robert Amber, and of course every body speaks well of him."

"Rather suspicious that!" interposed the other voice; "for when every body—"

"Suspicious!" cried the lieutenant, "what do you mean? Why, I tell you that Robert Amber—"

And hereupon, as if acting upon the principle of another well-known personage, who is never absent long when his name is mentioned, my new master made his appearance.

The meeting was cordial, happy, and affectionate; noisy and rapturous on the side of Fin; more calm, more collected and dignified, but not a drop less brimful of gladness and sympathy, on the part of his venerated friend. The lieutenant introduced his companion, and a welcome ensued such as words only could never convey. The intelligible bow, the outstretched hand, the mild earnest tones, would all have been inexpressive, without the look which carried to the stranger's mind a greeting from the very soul.

The object of the visit was soon stated, by the voluble and eager lieutenant. The gentle willing Amber was called upon to listen; he was all readiness, all ear; and having with a smiling composure seated his visitors at their utmost ease, having made them feel (by what silent but sure arts, active yet inexplicable, I shall not attempt to say), that they were never so much at home, and might go on talking both together, for three hours at the least, without risk of the discourtesy of interruption—my master dropped serenely into a chair, placed his elbows on the arms of it, and with upraised palms pressed together, his chin resting lightly on the tips of his fingers, sat prepared to hear anything.

An enemy of Robert Amber—if it were possible for such a man to have an enemy—might have suspected, from something in his attitude and manner, that he was at that instant of preparation thinking of himself, of his general air, of his hands, even of his dress—of the picture, in short, then presented—presented, they might have moreover fancied, for effect.

It is true the hands were wonderfully white and well-formed, so also were the ruffles; and it should be mentioned that a cultivation of the nicer and more dignified arts of dress was by no means what my master ever neglected. His powder was of the snowiest, his cambric of the finest, his lace of the rarest; no speck of dust, or small stain of any kind, was ever permitted to be seen on his rich silks; nor could the eye that admired the glitter of his diamond buckles ever detect one of them a hair's-breadth awry. His whole person was invariably in the most exquisite order; he appeared, every hour of the day, as though he had spent the entire day at his toilet; he never required even a minute's notice to be absolutely perfect; the accidents of life seemed to spare him always; he travelled on at the side bespattering Time, without being disfigured by a splash; and the very winds forebore "to visit his face too roughly," or to deform a costume sanctified by the spirit of care and neatness.

The story was soon told. Fin's friend was a man of enterprise and discovery, of projects and improvements. For ten years his ingenuity had been on the rack to combine a series of conflicting plans, and work out one great harmonious scheme, by which a generation unborn was to be benefited, and his own fortune made. Successful at length to the full extent of his wildest dreams, he now wanted nothing but a generation of men, willing to be convinced, and to advance funds. He had accomplished every thing, except devising the proper means of doing something to begin. The Archimedean machine was finished, and now it was only necessary to move the world.

Advice was wanted; who so able to advise as Robert Amber! Assistance was necessary; who so able to assist as he! He had some wealth, much influence of position, and a weight of character sufficient to ballast and steady any scheme, however airy. Then he had extreme prudence, experienced judgment, and great knowledge of the world.

Thus endowed, who so willing to listen. Robert Amber heard the tale silently, reflectively, and at length approvingly. He fell into no raptures, but he was in every line of his face satisfied that the scheme was a sound one, and demanded immediate trial. He at first closed his eyes for the space of a minute and a half; he next raised them to the ceiling, and afterwards dropped them slowly towards the fire, which, they seemed to search curiously for some seconds; then travelling glancingly, but with a grave thoughtful expression, over the faces of his two visitors, they fell upon some writing materials near him. Of these he now made use, entering into divers calculations, repeating them in other forms, taking notes of objection, and marking them off as the light broke through the seemingly tangled forest of figures. In the end, he was quite convinced, quite—and with simple earnestness, but without enthusiasm, promised his instant aid.

"I'm afraid," said he, with a little flush on his pale face, caused by the triumphant calculations just completed, "I'm afraid that there is a sufficient attraction of self-interest in this scheme to draw me at once into its support; but, dear old associate," he continued, addressing the happy and admiring Fin exclusively, "you are right in feeling that it would have been an insult to friendship to have hesitated about claiming my assistance, on your own and your friend's account alone. For what do we live, I should like to know! I might have forgiven, however, the offence to friendship; I could even have pardoned the imputation on my patriotism and public spirit—this project will be a great thing for the country—perhaps I should not have been very angry at being by implication accused of singiness; but you know, the declining to consult me, might have involved a suspicion that I was poor—and who could forgive that!"

When gravity condescends to be gay, the effect is generally prodigious, and this was said with such an innocent, light-hearted playfulness, that it wonderfully set off the sober wisdom of the utterer. It had indeed all the effect of a brilliant joke, while it denoted amiability of character; and it was just as the spirit of satisfaction thus pervaded the little conference, that Mrs. Amber, whose hand had been on the lock some seconds before she turned it (her head too happened to be rather bowed towards me,) opened the door, and greeted the company.

The lady's portraiture, if executed in reference to herself only, would require the nicest care, skill, and art; the most intricate lines, and a difficult blending of colours, fleeting lights and shadows that baffle the nimble eye; but touched in reference to her husband, nothing can be so easy. It was indeed a softened copy of his own. Mrs. Amber was a finished engraving from the original picture of Mr. Amber—or, what he thought and did in oil, she might be said to think and do in water-colours.

The world has heard of some great man whose wife attended on his steps like a note of admiration at the end of a sentence; but Mrs. Amber was an exact repetition of that nicely-balanced sentence, her husband, in smaller print. She was formed of the clay that remained after he was made. Had their heads been of wood, hers would have been a chip of the same block that supplied his; and if their hearts had been of stone, hers must have been dug out of the identical quarry in which his had hardened; moreover, if the husband's had chanced to harden round a toad that lived comfortably imbedded in it, the wife's would infallibly have had its little imitative freakish frog squatting in the centre.

It is said of numberless hypocritical couples who take care never to quarrel

in company, that they were "formed for each other;" and a secret sympathy between the pair in question had such a mysterious influence, that their persons grew alike, and they seemed by destiny fitted for the relationship in which they stood. If the one had an accession of fat, so had the other; if the husband fell away, so did the wife. Their four eyes, if shaken in a bag, must necessarily have come out pairs; their voices were the same, the difference being merely in compass; what A. said, Mrs. A. seconded, true as the echo; their thoughts were alike all day long, and their dreams were generally found to match, when compared over the breakfast table.

It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that Mrs. Amber met the friends with a dignified sweetness; it follows, too, that as her husband invited his visitors to stop and dine, she repeated the invitation in a manner not less winning and impressive—so they staid.

The hours flew in delightful intercourse—joyous and high-spirited on the part of the two guests—sensible, well-bred, and with an air of elevated enjoyment, on the part of their entertainers, over whom there fell hour by hour a happier, dearer charm—the charm of dispensing hospitality. My master nobly sustained the gentle but dignified character of Robert Amber, the friend and philanthropist; the practical illustrator of all that is purest in humanity; the teacher, by expressive deeds of the philosophy "peace and goodwill to man." Every thing that fell from his lips was a thing pleasant to hear, and as Mrs. Amber never failed to repeat it, the pleasure was doubled.

At parting, when the guests retired to keep their evening engagements, my kind master renewed to both, in the most impressive and deliberate manner, the assurances of the morning. His words were not many, but they had weight—they seemed heavy with the massive gold of sincerity, and sunk accordingly into the souls of his hearers. There was no tinsel compliment to make his speeches showy, but you could hear the ring of the metal.

"Of success we are almost sure. Rely upon me. I shall support the plan, not only with my advice, but my fortune. I would not have you go to the house of Pratt and Lloyd—nor yet to Ranger's—you will find them costly—great houses must be. Nor should you trouble your friends in the north—their present business, prosperous as it is, might be affected by the risk. Rely upon me. I'll write a letter or two on the subject by this night's post—this night's. Adieu! Remember, I am to aid you, not only with my advice and influence, but my fortune!"

"That I am sure you will," repeated Mrs. Amber, with a slightly weakened, yet still charming emphasis, "with your influence and fortune!"

"The Ambers are people," said the gay and jovial lieutenant, as the pair descended the stairs, "who are without guile, without concealment. What they mean they say. They have the milk of the cocoa-nut within, but without the rough shell. They are all nut."

The door closed, and Mrs. Amber was now alone with her husband. Robert Amber, in other words, was shut in with his "double." They were curiously like. Each turned upon the other the same look, a look that was equally inquiring and communicative. It telegraphed each other's sentiments; but to open conversation, as they drew their chairs to the fire, he asked her what she thought; a question which she naturally echoed by asking him what was his opinion. Hereupon Robert Amber began immediately to reveal his real inward self. The angel took off his sham wings, and laid aside his false ambrosial locks; the divinity in his aspect at the same moment disappeared, and mortality of a most debased stamp took its place.

Strange to say, this philosopher reversed the common rule of domestic morality, and spoke with honesty and sincerity only to his wife. She alone was sure of the truth from him.

"No impossible scheme, my dear, these fellows have started. London may be lit with gas some odd night or other, far off from our time; but nevertheless, if it come at all, it will arrive without my hastening it on."

"So of course I should apprehend," remarked Mrs. Amber, performing the second part in this duet of confession.

"Yes; but still there may be something in it; and therefore, though disinclined to incur the risk of being entrapped, I shall not let them carry the project into another market."

"That, my love, your own instinct would guard you against," replied the amiable echo; "and consequently you will write by to night's post—"

"Yes; but perhaps not in my own name—"

"Not, I think, in your own name, my dear—"

"Both to Ranger, and to Pratt and Lloyd, just to stop the thing in those quarters; and you know, my love, in a more northern direction, a prudent private representation, such as I can make with perfect safety—"

"Oh, with perfect safety, to be sure, and justice to yourself; for in case, as you think possible, there should be something in the scheme, why should you suffer others to profit by what you decline?"

"I certainly should not like that," returned the philanthropist, glancing at the inkstand; "and therefore since you agree in opinion—"

"Here's writing paper," said Mrs. Amber; "let me snuff the candles for you!"

"Letter from the Digbys," said the philanthropist, as Mrs. Amber appeared at breakfast the next morning, "asking us again into Staffordshire. Charming place—"

"Very," agreed Mrs. Amber.

"Of the kind," said her husband, finishing his commendation.

"True," assented the lady, "I was going to add, of the kind."

"Queer people, however, those Digbys," was the next remark, uttered with a perceptible curl of the thin lip.

"The queerest, oddest people—"

"Yes, with their homely country habits, mixed up with town refinements, and associations of the most polished and educated life; great wealth, used as a means of making mobs of little people comfortable, and good humor in the midst of the open rampant ridicule their folly raises. They worry and perplex me—one can't quietly laugh at their expense when they're laughing themselves."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Amber, with a responsive look, "you describe my own mortified feelings there—"

"But it is not this that constitutes their chief oddity in my eyes. Do you know, my dear," and the philanthropist set down his cup of coffee, uncrossed his long legs, placed his hands upon his knees, with the elbows bent outward, and slowly inclining forward until his face approached its feminine counterpart, whilst his wife, in the act of pouring, sat with the cream-jug suspended over her cup, "do you know that I have long entertained a strong suspicion—"

"As I'm sure I always have," interposed the wondering Mrs. Amber.

"A strong suspicion, mind, that those Digbys are perfectly sincere! Strange, very strange, as that sounds—the idea is now an old one, and it has taken deep root in my mind."

"Every man has his weakness," suggested his lady, explainingly.

"Yes, and this may be mine—a suspicion that those people are sincere. I can't tell how so singular a thought first found its way into my head, but it can't now find its way out again. I incline to believe that they are really glad to see one—that they are absolutely honest in their professions of regard—and actually put faith in friendship; giving a welcome, not for their own sakes, but for ours, and finding pleasure in seeing others pleased."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Mrs. Amber, setting down the cream; "and yet positively, my dear, a similar prejudice—"

"Ah, call it a prejudice; that's right; it is one; a gross delusion, perhaps; a crazy conceit—but it is not easily uprooted; and, after all, where is there a bound to human folly? The people may be no actors, but unaccountably, ridiculously in earnest."

Mrs. Amber continued to agree in the conclusion that this was very possible, and also that the notion of the existence of sincerity might be delusive, until breakfast was long over, and morning company had arrived; Mrs. Brisk and her daughters, the liveliest in the land.

They were the very ladies whom Mrs. Amber, echoing her excellent husband's asseveration, most longed to see. They were welcomed with every mark of kind and respectful attention; and no assurance of grateful and sympathizing joy, uttered by my master, as he surveyed the bright looks and improved figures of the little party whom he condescended to chat with, lacked confirmation from the lips of his wife.

The heart of my master overflowed in such affecting declarations of love and goodwill to humanity, that good Mrs. Brisk was the more readily encouraged to enter upon a confession of the more immediate motive of her call. Their poor old friend, the simple, modest clergyman of their parish, when the families happened to be neighbors in the country, years ago—well, he was now past service, and in want. A little provision for his old age had been proposed; Mrs. Brisk had presumed to bestir herself in the affair; she had ventured to appeal to old remembrances, and to be shamefully intrusive in many quarters—wherever a spark of hope glimmered; she craved of all things, for her now promising list, the advantage and sanction of Robert Amber's influential name—and his petitioner would ever pray.

The philanthropist's face was all this time a beautiful study, a mirror reflecting whatever confers grace and nobility upon human nature—the image of emotions fine and deep as the life-springs of the blood, and of thoughts worthy in their loftiness and beauty of an immortal being.

"Ah! madam," he at length said, "what a melancholy joy you bring me. I wish it were in my power to terminate at this instant your beneficent and holy mission without depriving you of the happiness you feel in doing good. But it is little I can do, that I confess. It behoves us, wretched and humble as our means may be, to have no false shame, no concealment in these or in any matters. All that I can immediately bestow with my own poor hand is fifty pounds. What more I may be the means of doing—let me be silent respecting that!"

And having checked the lively and impetuous flow of thanks that followed the announcement of his bounty, having drawn many glad and grateful tears from the reverential eyes of his audience, he renewed his hint about "something more," pressed their hands each in turn, while Mrs. Amber sympathizingly echoed his "promissory note" by way of endorsing it, and then the door closed on the benevolent Brisks.

As soon as that ceremony which secured privacy was performed, my master walked towards the mirror, and surveyed his own countenance therein. It had as yet undergone no change of expression, and he seemed perfectly satisfied with it. At the same moment Mrs. Amber's complacent glances fell on the opposite mirror with a like effect. She was the first to speak.

"Troublesome and impudent, I think, my dear."

"Very impudent and troublesome, no doubt," replied the philanthropist, "but useful. These applications are of service when one can comply without cost. If one can contrive to subscribe the name only—by the way, what will these busy Brisks do with all the money they collect?—for some people pay, you know. Perhaps the poor parson may really get a little of it, by way of a blind—the deception must be kept up until the drain of benevolence is at an end!"

"True, my dear, and it is not unlikely, taking that view of things, that the Brisks may permit some little dribbles—but the fifty pounds entered in your name!" she inquired—"I confess—"

"So do I," was the ready answer. "I confess to some faint recollection of a story, in which the pious protégé of the Brisks was unfortunate enough to figure years ago—a story about a girl—whether he saved her from destruction, or was the cause of her broken heart, is not at present quite clear; but I must give the right turn to the affair, you perceive—"

"Clearly," cried Mrs. Amber, upon whose mind, for once in deep shadow compared with her luminous husband's, the light began to break.

"The right turn to it," he continued; "lament the occurrence, feel duly shocked at the discovery, and withdraw my name, in dread of setting a dangerous example. Vice must weigh heavily enough against gray hairs, without throwing fifty pounds into the scale. Explanation however may be mercifully avoided—our friends the Brisks will desire no particulars that may check the subscription. Those girls, mark me, will have a set of diamonds each in the spring!"

Robert Amber, my illustrious master, pursued thus day by day his triumphant course of profound dissimulation. As he excelled most men, or all, in the art of assuming the virtues he had not, so there is reason to hope that he must likewise have exceeded them in his total disbelief of the existence of the virtues assumed. And yet it so happened that no stronger proof of such existence could well have been given, than the hourly evidence of reverence for virtue, afforded by the homage offered up to his simulated purity. Those who knew not how to emulate his apparent merit could still add something to their own stock, by recognising its reality, and reposing an honest faith in the excellence to which they vainly aspired. Thus, in the very depths of his own hypocrisy, had his intellect been as unclouded for good as for evil, he might have discovered the most convincing arguments against the doctrine of disbelief in sincerity; for the perfection of his own acting made others cease to be actors; and through his own admirable mask he might have seen hundreds of true faces glowing with a generous confidence that there was no mask at all, that humanity might still climb upward to the point of earth "nearest the stars," and thence look undesperringly to heaven.

But Robert Amber drew no such lessons from his successful practice. He had faith in no man's sincerity; and would as soon have believed himself, and have thus become a dupe to his own art, as have given credence to another. If he heard of an act of kindness, freely done in the spirit of kindness, though at no cost at all, his reflection was,

"Now what can be the meaning of that!"

But when he saw a generous deed performed, succour rendered to the sinking stranger, sacrifices made to assist struggling merit, the human hand grasped in the human hand to assure and to sustain by a common sympathy, the only effect upon his mind was an uncomfortable suspicion.

"What is this man's motive? Some deep design, for it looks so disinterested!"

He looked upon acts of charity, either as timid and superstitious compoundings for enormous private vices, or as small sums cunningly laid out to attract value received in meat or malt a hundred times over. He regarded all aid given to dawning talent as an investment for the purchase of toadyism, or capital sunk to establish a partnership in future profits.

To profess the slightest regard for the public weal, to talk of patriotism as more than a convenient word in any man's vocabulary, he held to be a most outrageous pretence; and to suppose there might be honesty in the tempted, fidelity to the very last in servants, he thought a silly delusion. Servants indeed he invariably suspected of every vice conceivable; and would have admired the sensitive and never-fading virtue of Lady Blarney, who dismissed her companion, "suspecting an intrigue with the chaplain."

Distinction paid to talent when successful, he interpreted as a taste for good dinners, and the propensities of the sycophant. In short, to protect the humble was hypocrisy; to help the humble and clever was policy more or less wise; to admire the clever and powerful was tact—admirable tact. In all cases, the last thing to be recognized, when considering the motives for an act, was the motive assigned; and as the direct path was thus abandoned by a standing agreement, it followed that there was often extreme perplexity in finding out, amongst the many, the most indirect road.

Unfortunately, too, the good deeds were continually coming to light (for they will, as fast as evil ones), as if on purpose to perplex him.

"I have been considering, my dear, what that Miss Magglesworth can be at. She has, I find, taken her late sister's little boy to educate and provide for, and she has but a hundred a year of her own."

"Sly," remarked Mrs. Amber, looking out at the most cunning corner of her eye; "of course to secure the father's visits. She was always fond of him, and I believe the poor wife—though she was a woman I never liked—"

"A bad set, no doubt, my dear. And so the Rubblestones have started on a tour! on a tour at this time of the year—taking, mind, their second daughter, Lucy, with them. I suspect there's something in that. You remember that match was broken off not more than a month ago."

"About a month," assented Mrs. Amber; "well, perhaps she is best away just now, and you know she'll be brought back again."

"Very true; and, by the by, what is the address of that old nurse who called when—ah, here it is. Well, we've seen nothing of Charlotte Bragg and her brothers. That young lady, my dear, should never have refused the hand of young Clutchmore, beggar as he then was; but of course she could not foresee that he would have come into quiet possession of all his father's property, after he had been notoriously cut off with a shilling."

"And what settlements," cried the lady, "he would have made! Why he has been lavishing the most extravagant gifts—ten thousand to each of his sisters—two to the niece—five hundred to the old steward—"

"Hush—money, my dear; depend upon it that the will is forged."

"Forged! of course," repeated the sympathetic echo.

It was one morning, after some such conversation had been carried on for an hour, and when the popular philanthropist and his domestic double were shortly to leave London on a visit to one of the families they had been vilifying, that a visitor announced himself by a friendly tap at the door, which was followed by his immediate entrance. He had often dropped in before, quite as unceremoniously, and now advanced hastily, and shook hands.

"Sit down," said my master.

"Dear Mr. Hicks, pray sit down," said my mistress.

"Haven't time, in good faith," exclaimed he; "heard you were just on the start, and called to give you a trifling commission. You are going to Parnips-hall; you will find on your arrival there, among scores of strangers, somebody you know a little—I have a slight knowledge of him myself—the gentleman I mean to whom this letter is addressed. Will you deliver it? It is rather of consequence, and I would prefer intrusting it to a safe hand. Thanks—and farewell. No ceremony, my dear sir. Mrs. Amber, your most obedient."

Mr. Hicks was gone, and his letter was left lying upon the table. My master's eye rested on it for a minute with a calm expression, and then wandered to the face of his fair partner. Her's met it at the turn, and the looks of both gathered keenness from the encounter, and slowly sharpened into earnest curiosity. My master took up the letter, read the address, and laid it down again.

"My dear," said he, musingly, "what on earth can Mr. Hicks be writing to him about? They are barely acquainted."

"Robert Amber," returned his wife, emphatically, "that is about one of the last things, do you know, that I should have expected to happen;" and she also took up the letter, read the direction, and handed it to her husband, who having turned it over and inspected the seal, laid it again upon the table.

"Strange that he should charge me with the delivery of it—I know little of the man. I wonder—" and here he again took up the epistle, turned it about, and accidentally bent it a little.

"I wonder—" he repeated; but he said no more, and Mrs. Amber simply remarked that she did too.

Another look of now heated and intense curiosity was directed to the epistle. Robert Amber resumed possession of it, and, after a pause, raising its open sides to his eye, peeped in for an instant; he then glanced composedly round the apartment, looked meaningfully at his silent companion, and peeped again, more inquisitively, more piercingly than before.

"Only a word or two visible," he coolly remarked, as he tossed the letter upon the table; "such phrases mean nothing—"

"Nothing," echoed his wife, looking into the letter in turn, "or much."

"Perfectly right, my dear—or much, as you say. I certainly should like to know what it is they can have to correspond about! And I'm to deliver the letter, too!"

Saying which he took the epistle held out to him, examined once more the handwriting and the seal, twisted it in his hand until its original shape was no longer recognisable—and at last the seal broke between his fingers. Robert Amber, with all his native dignity of deportment, and a more than natural curiosity lightening up his features, was just in the act of perusing the missive that had been intrusted to his care, sealed, ten minutes before, when the door was opened without even the ceremony of a rap, and the writer of the letter stood before him. Robert Amber, in shivering limb and convulsed feature, appeared to have been that instant struck by lightning.

Insults the most scornful and stinging were then and there launched at him, sharp as the lightning shock indeed. They were repeated with still bitterer and more withering effect elsewhere the next day; and to hide his head, or show his sword, constituted his sole alternative. He challenged his insulter.

"This meeting, my dear," he remarked with a confident air to his wife, as he made his arrangements for the next morning, "is perfectly out of the question. It will never take place—not the meeting of weapons, I mean. But I own his acceptance of the challenge puzzles me. What can he mean by that? He has not the slightest skill, none; and has secretly the good sense and discretion to be an arrant coward. Hostilities, you see, are quite impossible!"

"Oh, quite!" replied the amiable echo, without the least tremulousness that could indicate anxiety.

The world saw very plainly at last into the character of the philanthropist, Robert Amber—the illustrator in all his deeds and words of peace and goodwill to man, of charity to the human race. In fact, people really saw quite through him; and this thorough inspection was contemporaneous with two large holes which had just been drilled through the region where his heart had lately been supposed to throb. His death was fairly attributable to a flaw in his doctrine. His firm faith was, that there was no such thing as courage or honour in mortal man—nothing but hypocrisy. He had relied for safety upon the treacherous practices which he believed to be coextensive with the practices of life. He had contended—but unhappily with a sword in his hand—for the universality of imposture; and he was brought home dead beat in the argument.

THE MYSTERIOUS CORPORAL.

From Reminiscences of a Medical Student.

I once had a comrade, and he was the rumiest character you ever saw; a right queer customer he was, and I'd defy ever a white man to fathom who he was, or what he would be at. He was continually laughing and sneering at somebody or something, often having a bit at myself I believe, when I was not by. For all that we were prime chums, and the reason he tackled to me was that we two were the only men that could read and write in the company. A first-class scholar he was, let me tell you, and could jabber foreign lingoes like winkin'—nay, one night over a can of rack-punch he swore to me that he had once been a professor of something or other at the college of Goitagain,* in Jarmany, but had to cut his stick for running down religion, and being a Carabineer† as he called it. He had been a sergeant I knew, in our own corps, but was broke for laughing at Ensign Spoon, and giving "cheek" when he was brought up.

He had the oddest name—what do you think it was?—Oh, you'd never guess it—it was Nicholas Flannel!—though whether that was the name he was christened by, or whether he ever was christened at all, who ever knows, I don't.

He was about my height, but thin as a lath, and as agile as a rock-lizard, dark complexioned, small faced, and black eyed, with a towering brow and head that used to run up into his shako as a bag-net would into its scabbard, and though he was a man of forty, I'm blessed if you would not take him for a lad of twenty.

Well, we used to have the queerest conversations—he used to talk like a rum 'un about all sorts of things—such as the sodgerical § signs—which mayhap you knows of—affirming there was a quarrier|| in the sky, and a vargin, and a library, and fishes, and scales, and all manner of diseases, such as cancers, which he said were the same as crabs, and all sorts of medicines, too, such as mercury, castor, and what not.

You may think from this that he believed heaven to be an hospital, but in half a shake he would prove it to be a regular wild beast show, and point you out lions, scorpions, bears, dragons, and all sorts of unconscionable varmint.

Then how he used to jaw about religion! It seems quite awful to me now though I did not care so much about it then as a man does when he comes to an age of discretion and is the father of a family.

He would talk to me too by the hour about old heathen gods, Mars and Venus and Neptune, whom he said the sailors used to retain ceremonies about to this day; and about Stonehenge, over there on Salisbury plain, and about the Druids, or some such name, and about some wooden ¶ god that he said our Wednesday took its name from. He would lecture too about Noah's ark, and the flood, which he said was a corruption** of the Muddy-terratin sea.

Oh my eyes what a head his was for all manner of larnin', and how I used to be carried away with his discourse. I declare to you I would rather listen to him than see a play any day of the week, and I think it was this that made him so much my crony—the listening to him that is—for never a soul but myself in the regiment did he care to say a word to, barrin' in way of fun or jeering like. He was always a running down the officers, and poking his fun at them for ignorance, that is, when they were not looking at him—all except the doctor—he had some respect for him, because he used to go about taking off on paper all the pagodas and caves and old ruined figures of stone, but even that was not to speak of.

He was a great freemason too, and was deeper in that than any man ever I know'd of—but you are not a freemason—("How the deuce has he found that out?" thought I.) And in course I cannot say much about it—but he used to talk concernin' that order in a way the like I never heard, and would tell me about the times when the art of building and working in stone was in its best days, when all these caves were dug, and temples built, every thing else was so far behind that the very people that could build pyramids like mountains, could not go to sea in a boat, or make a firelock, hardly even could weave a decent rag of broad cloth to cover their—hillo, Nan! where are you running to? that gig will be over you, girl—don't you see the lights coming up?

He could tell long stories about the kings that lived in those old times, and their wars and dreadful battles, to which Waterloo was no more than a skirmish; and how they were made gods when they died, such as Bacchus, who was another Boney, and not a drunken old sot, as some people think; and Vulcan, the god of the smiths, who was the same as the Tubal Cain that you read of in the Bible, and Nimrod and the other king that built Babylon; and a King of Persia that invented magic and prophesying by the stars, and praying to the sun just the same as the Parsees do at Bombay, and whose name was "Sorrow-a-star,"†† if I'm not wrong. Oh, there was no end to the stories, and so divertin' were they that they would nail you to the spot hearkening to him for hours.

* Göttingen probably the old soldier meant.

† Carbonaro, a secret society for political purposes, ramified through Italy, France, and Germany, but existing in its greatest vigour in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, between A.D. 1790 and 1820.

‡ Nicholas Flammel, a renowned alchemist of the fourteenth century.

§ Zodiacal, in all probability.

¶ Aquarius.

** Wooden.

†† Irruption—alluding to the theory that the deluge was produced by the Atlantic bursting in between Gibraltar and Mount Abila, and forming the Mediterranean.

†† Zoroaster, most likely.

He affirmed he could read all the marks and signs on the old temples and pagodas, the hieroglyphics* you know, and said they were all about mathematics and the moon and stars and eclipses, and measuring, and laws, and he assured me that the laws made in those old times were much better than those now, for that then there was no such thing as getting your nob in chancery for all your lifetime, but that laws were made for giving justice, not as now, to maintain thirty thousand individuals, who, he said, make their bread out of what is called the glorious certainty.

There never was an hour that we had to ourselves, but in place of drinking or smoking away the time, he would go wandering by day or night among the ruins, poking about among the long-eared stone gods, and shoving his fingers into the scratches and lines on the blocks to clear out moss, and sometimes he would get quite nervous and shaky, like a man in a passion,—quite elevated,—as he went about among the secret inscriptions. Nay, when I sometimes would for banter's sake say I did not believe a word of all his yarns about the old gods, he would come out with a word or sentence in some strange gibberish to one of the Gentoo priests as they passed, that would make him start and stare as if he saw a ghost; while Flannel would go jeering and scoffing, swearing he had pronounced words which were only known to Brahmins of the highest order, and had been kept secret by the dreadfulest penalties for thousands of years.

Well—once when we were lying at Benares, a place as full of old monuments as any churchyard, three or four companies of us were marched to a village about fifteen miles distant, where the ryots,—that's the small farmers like, though why they call them by that name I could never think, for a more peaceable set of folks ain't nowhere—well, these ryots were grumbling a little at a new tax-gatherer that had been put over them, and it was thought that a sight of our red-coats would make them come down with their sicca rupees a little quicker.

We began our march in the morning early, and halted to pass the noon at a small collection of bamboo houses, about half-way. There was a little creek of a river ran through this place, finding its way to the Ganges; not a muddy sort of thing, but quite clear, and fordable anywhere, though it was crossed by a wooden bridge built by the Company. Well, as soon as we had piled arms and dismissed for a time, this same corporal and I lighted our "baccies," and away we rambled up the banks of the creek.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile from the road, we came to a low place, where there was a little hollow "airy" by the stream, covered with long grass, and backed by a high precipice. Here we found a number of old stones lying about, some of them damming up the water, so as to produce a beautiful clear little basin to bathe in. They were very ancient, sunk into the ground, and overgrown with moss and brushwood.

The water, I have said, was very clear, and there was no mud nor weeds about the banks, nothing but white sand and pebbles, nor was there any fear of watersnakes, or anything of that sort, for we could see the bottom all about. The day was broiling hot, and the water looked so fresh and cold, and so rapid in its flow, besides the shadow of the trees was so cool, and the grass so long, damp, and green, that we both resolved upon a bath. Off went our regimentals, and into the stream we plunged; and I'll declare to you that the whole skin of this same Nick Flannel was covered with the strangest figures and letters and pictures of creatures done in tattooing—there were squares and rings and triangles, and figures like the broad arrow, and pictures of all sorts of animals, dragons and flying serpents, and sphinxes and Hindoo gods, the same as were figured on old monuments, and suns, moons, and stars, and globes, covered with lines like, and snakes with their tails in their mouths, and birds, and, oh every kind of odd object. I'll be sworn he had not a square inch of skin that was not stained in this way.

Well—out we came shortly, for it ain't good to stay long in the water in these parts, and just as we were shoving on our clothes I noticed this fellow struck all of a heap, like a man that comes suddenly on a venomous serpent. There he was quite yellow in the face, for these dark people don't become pale, like a Christian, but quite yellow and tawney—a sort of canary colour—there he was trembling, and his sharp black eyes glaucing like the red end of a cheroot in a dark night; as he looked here and there among the blocks of stone, and pulled away the grass from about them, and then looked at the bare face of the rock behind, and then at the blocks in the stream, and then again at those among the grass. I was wondering what was in the wind, when he jumps away, and looks up the water, and down past the rock, and then mounts on the top and looks all about, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Presently down he comes to me, all in a hixteric way, and he says,

"Jim," says he, "did you ever hear of the Pitt diamond?"

"Why," says I, "I believe diamonds are all dug out of pits."

"Pshaw," says he, "it was a stone that was sold by one Pitt to the Empress of Rooshy for half a million of money, and is worth double that any day. It was found, no one can tell how—but I can—in these parts by a common soldier—one like you and I. Now hearken to me;—there is within this little hollow what would make both of us richer than e'er a king in Christendom, if we could manage to clapperclaw it without its being known we did it."

"Lord help me, Nick, you don't mean that?"

"Yes, but I do though—it would take us both to come at it—one could not do it, for the difficulty is too much for the strength of one; besides, the danger is dreadful—you can't form no notion. If it were found out I did it, I would not be safe from death, and that a most horrible one, though I hid myself among the ice at the North Pole."

"Bless my heart!" said I, and I began to get excited myself; "what is it—how much—is it all fair and above board—I mean, is it all honest plunder?"

"I can't tell you: let us begone from this place for the present, for every moment we stay increases the difficulty and danger."

And away we padded down the bank to the bridge, and to the little village, where our comrades were lying in the shade, smoking, and sleeping.

Well, till we got the word to fall in and march, he never ceased talking, telling me of the mighty treasure that was to be had where we had been, and of the secret marks on the rock and stones, and of the mortal danger that hung over those that even thought of making away with such things, and about secret societies, and Brahmins and gipsies, and masonry and carbinierism, and devil knows what, till at last I got fairly funkcd, and made a resolution to have nothing to do with it.

What was the use of riches to me, if I could not use it without the danger of waking with a knife between my ribs, or finding poison slipping down my gizzard. Besides, it might be all very fine for a fellow that knew everything, and something more, like Nick Flannel; but for a plain man like me, contented with my station, and comfortable, why the advantage to be gained was not equal to the risk; besides, was it not all very likely to be nothing but bosh.

* If it be wondered how the old soldier got this big word out so well, be it remembered that he was a freemason, and any brother who read this will know that the word is a common one in the mouths of the craft.

So when, shortly after nightfall, Flannel comes to me and asks me if I'm ready to go, I simply and plainly said, "I won't go, nor have anything to do with the job at all."

Then he begged and prayed, and implored me to go with him, and promised me immense riches; but still I would not agree; and time, which he said was of the greatest value, was running past. At last he began to call me coward and fool, so up I got and pitched into him, when he soon cried out for quarter; and then shaking me by the hand, he bade me farewell.

"I'm going to make the attempt by myself," said he, "and if I'm not back before daylight, you may report me to the sergeant; it's just possible it may do me some good in case I should be nailed."

So off he set out into the darkness, and I never saw him in life again.

Well, next day, when there was no sign of him returning, I went and made my report, and you could not imagine the surprise of the officers when I told the story. Some would not believe it, others thought it a scheme to desert; but the major ordered me to take a corporal and his guard with me, and go look for him about the bamboo houses and all thereaway.

No sooner said than done. Away we marched in search of him; and I can assure you I felt very queer; for poor Nick, with all his ways of jeering and poking fun at a body, was a tiptop good fellow, and I had a very strong friendship for him; besides he was a step above me, and above most folks I have ever seen, in the way of brains and learning, so that I was a little proud I had been so much in his confidence.

We searched all over the bamboo houses and over the fields, but without success; we asked the people about if they had seen him, but not one of them had. At last I led the way, urged by a strange curiosity, and a kind of hope that was not hope either, up the banks of a small stream, to the little mysterious hollow. As we rounded the end of the rock that shut it in, my eyes lighted upon a heap of clothes in one part of the place, among which his red jacket was plain, and over it his belt and bayonet, laid along with his cap and watch.

"I'm blessed if he has not gone in to bathe and been drowned," cried one of us, by name Joe Morgan, a Welshman.

I thought so myself for a moment or two, and was going up to the clothes, when I observed, about a couple of yards distant from them, a heap of bones, quite fresh-looking, white and red, like bones laid aside in a butcher's stall—and Lord be with us! right in the midst of them was a human skull, with the eyes and all the flesh pared clean away.

I could now well conceive it was all up with poor Nick—but what next? About two yards from the bones was a third heap of bits of flesh, chopped nearly as small as minced-meat. Two eyes and ears were laid on the top of the heap, and on the pieces of skin I could see the tattooed triangles and serpents, and suns and moons, and other figures which I had remarked when my poor comrade and I bathed the day before. Oh, it was dreadful! Upon my oath I felt in a mortal funk as I looked at the remains of the poor fellow, and so did we all, though it was broad daylight, and we had our arms.

There was an unhallowed neatness about the whole arrangement, that showed a strange coolness and deliberation in the perpetration of the deed; nothing was scattered about, but all the remains were packed carefully in one or other of the three heaps. The grass was not trodden down more than we had done with our own feet, or he and I on the day before when bathing. There was no blood to be seen about among the grass, on the stones, or on the face of the rock; in short, I could see no difference in the place from what it was when I had seen it before, except the presence of the three ghastly heaps.

I took up his bayonet and drew it. It was quite clear and bright, and had plainly not been used by him in his defence, or if it had, it had been cleaned and polished since. The clothes were carefully folded, but we remarked they were not folded the right way—that is, with the sleeves of the jacket, for instance, done first, and then the body over them; but sleeves, body, and back were folded at once in squares, as one would do who had not been in the habit of using such clothing.

You may guess we were all pretty much struck. I could not imagine what to do for some time, I was so overcome; and I fervently thanked Providence in my own mind, that I had not been allowed to go with him that evening in search of his devil-guarded treasure.

At length leaving two on guard over the remains, we went down to the little hamlet near the bridge, where we had a rude coffin constructed in a few hours by Hindoo workmen. Into this we put them, and carried them to our quarter's. Next morning he received a soldier's funeral.

Now you would expect there would be a precious row kicked up about such an affair as this—and so there was, but nothing came of it, only it was easy to see that the people in the neighbourhood, who were all poor ignorant country-folks, knew nothing about it. It was never explained, and after a time it ceased to be talked about in the regiment, for poor Nick was too clever to be liked by more than one or two, and few consequently missed him.

O'CONNELL AS A COUNSELLOR.

O'Connell was born in the wilds of Kerry, in 1775. His father was (for those days) a wealthy Catholic; his family, though making great pretensions to antiquity, had never been eminent in Irish history. Young Daniel was sent to St. Omer, to obtain a University education; it was not, as might be supposed, a place likely to expand the mind, or fill it with inspiring ideas, but some good professors were there, and pupils of no despicable attainments in classical learning had often left its walls. At that time the French revolution had fixed the attention of all mankind. It had not then reached its full height, but it had shown its hatred to priestcraft, and its aversion to religious sentiment. Young O'Connell was an ardent Catholic. He was not seduced by the revolution of France, which he regarded as a blasphemous eruption in the face of God. He left France a little after the cruel and needless execution of Louis XVI. He crossed the Channel on his return homeward in company with a young Corkman, who was a zealous propagandist of levelling principles, and who enthusiastically dilated on the glories of French freedom. O'Connell had, from the first, little sympathy with his fellow-traveller, who was so violent in the cause of the rights of man, but he did not feel thoroughly disgusted until his companion (who had many noble, gallant, and amiable traits of character), taking a bloody handkerchief from his pocket, exultingly boasted that he had dipped it in the blood of the French King. In five years afterwards the young enthusiast was himself executed for his principles. He was John, the youngest of the unfortunate brothers, Sheares.

O'Connell was called to the bar in 1798. He made his first *entrée* into public life on the question of the union being discussed. O'Connell zealously opposed the union, and publicly declared that he preferred an Irish Parliament, and the chance of emancipation to an English Legislature with the certainty of religious liberty. This declaration, when taken into account with his subsequent career, is certainly very remarkable. His maiden speech is still preserved, but beyond that declaration there is no particular object for notice in its matter.

His success at the bar was very rapid. He soon became the rising young Catholic lawyer. His practice at first lay in defending prisoners, and in a subsequent period of his life he was admitted to be the best criminal lawyer at the bar. At that time a Catholic Irishman had only one road for ambition, by the bar; and an eminent "counsellor" was looked up to with the greatest respect. The superiority of his forensic powers so soon became manifest, that he took up a leading position in the profession, and as soon as he acquired some legal distinction he plunged into Catholic agitation.

It must be admitted that when O'Connell first joined the Catholic Committee the affairs of the Catholics were in a very bad state. For the first few years after he entered public life he did not obtain much power, except amongst the lower classes. His language was violent, and he quarrelled with the Whig leaders, and laboured to make the venerable Grattan as unpopular as possible; for which, however, he was severely taken to task in a letter called "Faction Unmasked," a political pamphlet, written with great power, of which the authorship is still unavowed. In 1816, or thereabouts, he had reached the eminence of being looked on as the most powerful man in the Catholic body, a station that he reached as much by his forensic powers at the bar, and his brilliant professional success, as by his political talents, or the popularity of his character. He went the Munster circuit, which, in those days, was thronged by men of great professional ability. But O'Connell ranked first amongst the first. His qualities as a professional man have, perhaps, never been sufficiently noticed.

Caution in conducting a case was his most prominent characteristic. He affected to be careless, but a more wary advocate never stood in a court of justice. Perhaps no great advocate ever had the same relish for the legal profession. O'Connell hunted down a cause with the gusto of a Kerry fox hunter in pursuit of Reynard. He keenly enjoyed baffling the Crown counsel, and bullying the witnesses against some trembling culprit in the dock. In those times counsel for prisoners were not allowed to address the jury, but O'Connell had a great art of putting illegal questions to a witness, and, in arguing for their legality, made "aside" short interjectional speeches to the jury.

"You see, my lud, the reason why I put the question was, because, if the witness were to answer in the affirmative, it would then be a manifest impossibility that my client could have been present at the murder, whereas, on the other hand, if the answer be in the negative, then the credibility of the whole statement of the Crown counsel would be impugned by that very answer: so then, my lud, the jury would be obliged," &c. He would then tease the judge by putting his questions in three or four different forms, and overwhelm the Crown counsel with derisive exposure of their legal ignorance. "Good God! my lud, did any one ever hear a Crown lawyer propound such monstrous law!" He acted the part of an indignant lawyer to perfection; caught up his brief-bag in a seeming fury, and dashed it against the witness-table—frowned—muttered fearfully to himself—sat down in a rage, with a horrid scowl on his face; bounced up again, in a fit of boiling passion, and solemnly protested in the face of Heaven against such injustice—threw his brief away—swaggered out of the Court-house—then swaggered back again, and wound up by browbeating and abusing half a dozen more witnesses, and, without any real grounds whatever, finally succeeded in making half the jury refuse to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

In civil cases he was equally successful. In will causes, disputed estates, and questions originating in family quarrels, he was unrivalled for his tact, presence of mind, and, above all, for his understanding the details of business. He was the best man of business that ever appeared at the Irish bar, and was rather vain of his skill in arithmetical calculations. He had great knowledge of character, and detected the motives of a plaintiff or defendant with inimitable skill. His combination of worldly knowledge and professional information—his aptness and ingenuity—his exhaustless supply of humour—his torrents of caustic ridicule—his zeal for his client, and untiring physical energies rendered him altogether matchless at the Irish bar.

Perhaps his greatest quality in a court of justice was his oblivion of himself. When addressing a jury he forgot every thing around him, and thought only of bringing off his client victorious. No lust for oratorical display ever tempted him to make a speech dangerous to the party by whom he was retained. Sooner than have made such a speech as Brougham delivered in the case of Ambrose Williams, O'Connell would have thrown up his brief. He was *par excellence* the safest advocate ever entrusted with a case. For the union of great general powers he stands without a rival in the history of the legal profession. Curran and Erskine were finer orators, but they were shallower lawyers; Plunket had a more powerful understanding, and was superior to all contemporary advocates in sustained reasoning powers, but he had little of O'Connell's versatility. If Sir Thomas Wilde had pathos and humour he would be a sort of English O'Connell. Redoubtable as was Garrow at cross-examination, he was inferior to the great Irish advocate in the art of putting a prepared witness off his guard. Besides, Garrow had a set plan for approaching a witness, and seldom made those wonderful guesses at character by which O'Connell gained many a verdict.

The circuit took him from Dublin twice a-year, and he almost invariably got a public dinner at each assize town. Besides, there was a public meeting to petition for emancipation and pass resolutions. At these re-unions he always was the most applauded speaker, though it must be readily acknowledged that the palm of superior eloquence was vigorously contended for by other popular declaimers. No quality stood him in more use than his unruffled good spirits, and his perennial fountain of Irish humour, that never failed to delight an audience of his countrymen, who are always thirsty for fun. His jocund smile and insinuating manners—his coaxing ways—his jovial appearance, with his manly, athletic person, enabled him to win his way to all hearts. He made everybody almost his friend, and by his great professional eminence extorted respect from those who doubted his integrity—disliked his frequent employment of tribunician artifices, and his disgusting proneness to scurrility.

When George the Fourth visited Ireland O'Connell blarneyed the monarch in the most fulsome manner, and disgusting all those who were not carried away by the excessive folly of the people, who with delirious joy shouted for one who had never done a single thing to deserve the admiration of any country. They who believe in the "vox populi, vox Dei" would certainly find it difficult to defend the delirium of frantic joy into which Ireland fell at a King visiting its shores. Ire and its Ruiners.

THE GREAT CHESS MATCH AT PARIS.

It is long since any event has excited so much interest among the lovers of the scientific and intellectual game of chess as the match now pending between M. St. Amant, the conductor of "The Palamede," a Parisian journal devoted to chess literature, and Mr. Staunton, the editor of "The Chess Player's Chronicle." The match is for £200, and according to the regulations adopted he is to be declared the victor who first wins eleven games. The

players meet on alternate days, at the Paris Chess Club, *Café de la Regence*. Hitherto our countryman has been successful, having won two of the three games played, the last one by mutual consent being drawn. For the subjoined reports we are indebted to *Galignani's Messenger*. They are apparently furnished by a clever amateur, whose notes add much to their interest and value. M. St. Amant won the move and played the white men:—

FIRST GAME.

M. St. Amant.	Mr. Staunton.
1. K P two	Q B P two
2. K B P two	K P one
3. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
4. Q B P one	Q P two
5. K P one	K Kt to R 3d
6. Q Kt to R 3d	K B to K 2d
7. Q Kt to Q B 2d	K B P two
8. Q P two	Castles
9. K B to K 2d	Q B to Q 2d
10. Castle (a)	Q R to Q B sq
11. K to K B sq (b)	Q B P takes P
12. Q B P takes P	K Kt to K B 2d
13. K R to K Kt sq	K to K R sq
14. K Kt P two (c)	K B P takes P
15. K R takes P	K Kt to K R 3d
16. K R to K Kt 3d	Q B to K sq
17. K B to Q 2d (d)	Q B to K R 4th
18. Q to K Kt sq	K B to *K R 4th
19. Kt takes B (e)	Q takes Kt
20. Kt to K sq	Q Kt to *Q K 4th
21. Q B to Q 2d	Kt takes B
22. R takes Kt (f)	B to K Kt 3d
23. Q to Kt 3d	Q to K R 4th
24. K R to Q Kt 3d (g)	Q to *K 2d
25. Q to K 3d	Q to K *B sq ch
26. Q to K Kt sq	B to *K 4th ch
27. K R to K B 3d	B takes R ch
28. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt ch
29. Q to K Kt 2d	Q takes Q
30. K takes Q	Q R to *Q B 2d and wins.

The * star signifies white.

(a) Up to this point the game has been played on both sides with the most perfect regularity.

(b) It would perhaps be better play here to push on the king's rook pawn, in order to place the king there afterwards.

(c) The French champion has here allowed himself to be carried away too far by his ardour. This attack is premature, as it would be better first to bring out the pieces on the queen's side. Although his game is not yet what may be termed a bad one, yet it is here that it has begun to be so.

(d) A weak move. It is the king's rook that ought to be played to its third square.

(e) This move is forced, in order not to lose the exchange. It has, however, the great disadvantage of bringing the enemy's queen into play.

(f) Before taking, it would have been better to drive the queen with the knight to her pawn's square.

(g) Here the game is altogether in a bad way. In fact, it is impossible, by any means, to prevent defeat.

SECOND GAME.

In the second game Mr. Staunton had the move and played the white. The game will be found particularly worthy of study, as an example of vigorous and well-combined attack, and the great importance of time in defending a position. The victory on this occasion also remains with the English champion:—

Mr. Staunton.	M. St. Amant.
1. Q P two	Q B P two
2. Q P one	K B P two
3. K Kt to B 3d	Q P one
4. Q Kt to B 3d	K Kt to B 3d
5. Q B to K Kt 5th	K P two
6. Q P two	Q R P one (a)
7. K P takes P	Q B takes P
8. K Kt to R 4th	Q B to place (b)
9. K B to Q 3d	K Kt P one
10. Castles	K B to K 2d
11. K B P two	Q B P one (c)
12. K B takes P	K P takes K B P
13. K R takes P	Q Kt to Q 2d
14. Q to her 4th (d)	Q Kt to K 4th
15. Q R to K sq (e)	K Kt to Q 2d
16. Q B takes B	Q takes B
17. Q Kt to K 4th	K R to K B sq
18. R takes R ch	Q takes R
19. Kt takes Q P ch	K to Q sq
20. R takes Kt	Q takes Kt
21. R to K 3d	Kt to Q B 2d (f)
22. B to Q Kt 3d	Q R P one (g)
23. Kt to K B 3d (h)	Kt to K B 3d
24. Q B P two	Q Kt P one
25. K to K 5th	Q R P one
26. B to Q B 2d (i)	Q R P one
27. Kt to K B 7th	Q to Q B 4th
28. Q to K B 4th ch	K to Q Kt 2d
29. Q Kt P two (j)	Kt to K R 4th
30. Kt to Q 8th ch	K to R 3d
31. P takes Q	Kt takes Q
32. R takes Q R P	and mates (k)

(a) It would be better to take K P, as by his adversary taking the pawn with it next move black loses two moves in bringing out his Q B, and carrying it home again.

(b) The bishop cannot stop on his Q 2d, as he would then prevent the Kt from coming out. He therefore returns to his square, and from the extreme vigour of the attack never has an opportunity of moving for the rest of the game. In fact the Q B and Q R are completely useless to the black to the end.

(c) This pawn is sacrificed to draw the B from his line of attack.

(d) An excellent move, adding great strength to the attack.

(e) The attack is now irresistible.

(f) The poor king tries to creep to a place of refuge.

(g) Black, seeing the game all but gone, endeavours to try a diversion, by an attack on his side, and accordingly makes a dash with his pawn.

(h) It will be subsequently perceived that the bringing up of this piece is essential to the mate.

(i) The B should have retired, even if not attacked, to allow the Q Kt P to be moved forward.

(j) If the Q takes this pawn, white will force the king to his Q R 3d, and give check with knight to K and Q together from black queen's square, as will be seen hereafter.

(k) This game is highly creditable to Mr. Staunton's powers of combination. Had black at the sixth move taken the king's pawn, brought out the king's bishop, and castled, he would have had an excellent game, but not anticipating the strength of the attack he let the opportunity pass, and never had a moment's peace to the end of the sitting. M. St. Amant fought most gallantly; but the fact of two principal pieces being tied up, and altogether out of play, was alone sufficient to ensure his defeat. He reminded us during the play of Sinbad the Sailor moving about with the Old Man of the Sea always on his shoulders.

THIRD GAME.

The third game, given below, remained undecided, after lasting seven hours. After some very admirable play, Mr. Staunton proposed to M. St. Amant to make it a draw, which was consented to. The latter gentleman had the move and played the black:—

M. St. Amant.	Mr. Staunton.
1. K P two	Q B P two
2. K B P two	K P one
3. K Kt to B 3d	Q Kt to B 3d
4. Q B P one	Q P two
5. K P one	Q B to Q 2d
6. Q Kt to Q R 3d	K Kt to K 2d
7. Q Kt to Q B 2d	K Kt to his 3d sq
8. Q P two	Q R to B sq (a)
9. Q R P one	K B to K 2d
10. K B to Q 3d	Castles
11. Castles	K B P two (b)
12. K R P one	Q B P takes P
13. Q Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
14. P takes Kt	Q to her Kt 3d
15. K Kt P one	Q R to Q B 2d
16. Q to K 2d	K R to Q B sq
17. Q B to K 3d	Q B to K sq
18. K Kt P one	P takes P
19. P takes P (c)	Kt to K B sq
20. K to his Kt 2d	K Kt P one
21. Q R to Q B sq	R takes R
22. R takes R	R takes R
23. B takes R	Q to her sq
24. K to his R 3d	Q R P one
25. Q to K Kt 2d	Q B to Q 2d
26. Q B to K 3d	K to R sq
27. Kt to R 2d	Q to her Kt 3d
28. Q to her B 2d	K to Kt 2d
29. Q Kt P two (d)	Q R P one
30. P takes P	Q takes P
31. K B P one	K P takes P
32. P takes P	P takes P
33. Q B to his sq	Q to her K 8 (e)
34. K to Kt 2d	Kt to his 3d sq
35. Kt to B 3d sq	Kt to K R 5 ch
36. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
37. K B takes P	B takes B
38. Q takes B	Q takes P
39. B to K Kt 5th	Q to her Kt 7th ch
40. K to his R sq	Q to her R 8th ch
41. K to Kt 2d	Q to her R 7th ch
42. K to his R sq	Q takes P
43. B to his 6th ch	B takes B
44. Q takes B ch	K to Kt sq
45. Q to K Kt 5th ch	K to B 2d
46. Q to K B 6th ch	K to his sq
47. Q to her K 6th ch	Q to K 2d
48. Q to K Kt 8th ch	K to Q 2d
49. Q takes P ch	K to Q B 2d
50. Q to her B 4th ch	K to Q sq
51. Q to K Kt 8th ch	K to Q B 2d
52. Q to her B 4th ch	K to Q Kt 3d
53. Q to her Kt 3d ch	K to Q B 3d
54. Q to her B 4th ch	Q to her B 4th
55. Q to her K 6th ch	K to Q B 2d
56. Q to K B 7th ch	K to Q B 3d
57. Q to her K 6th ch	K to Q B 2d
58. Q to K B 7th ch	drawn (f)

(a) This move is well played. When the white shall have made the exchange of his Q B P, the rook will enter the adversary's game.

(b) It would, perhaps, be better to move this pawn only one square.

(c) The object of the black in thus uncovering his king appears to be to make an attack on his opponent's king. It seems a hazardous proceeding.

(d) This move has the disadvantage of allowing the opposite party's queen to enter his game, should a favorable opportunity present itself.

(e) A weak move, because exceedingly doubtful in its results. Had the pawn been pushed on, and check discovered, it is demonstrable that white must have won the game.

(f) Mr. Staunton here proposed to draw the game, which his adversary agreed to. It must be allowed that M. Saint Amant played the latter part of the game with great ability, having contrived with a queen and one pawn to make a drawn game against a queen and three pawns. It may be asked if Mr. Staunton would not have done better to sacrifice one pawn and push on the other to queen; but, taking into consideration that his opponent's pawn was further advanced, and that the issue of the attempt was exceedingly doubtful, we think that he acted prudently in not making the attempt.

Truth is immortal; no fragment of it ever dies. From time to time the body dies off, but it rises in a more perfect form, leaving its grave clothes behind it, to be perchance worshipped as living things, by those who love to watch among the tombs.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1844.

We would commence our first Editorial of the year 1844, in the way most satisfactory to our own hearts; and that is, by adding our salutation of "A happy New Year" to the many which have been interchanged within the current week. If there be truth in the old superstition that the new year's day is an index to the rest of the year, we should be right glad to be convinced thereof, for never a finer shone out of the heavens on a first of January in our climate. We therefore hail the omen, and would not willingly believe that in doing so we look at an *ignis fatuus*. To all, then, we heartily bid "God speed!"

To every reflecting person, at least, the commencement of a new year is attended both by retrospections and anticipations; and although the festivities and excitements of the New Year's day itself may in a measure preclude such grave occupation, yet the re-action is but the stronger as soon as the excitements have subsided. At this period of time there is more than usual matter of contemplation, for the political, moral, and physical condition of the human race is such as cannot find a parallel in that of any other period of history. It is a period in which we find the commencement of enlarged intercourse with the most ancient and populous empire now in existence, with perhaps three hundred millions of the human family just beginning to become acquainted with the rest of the world. It is a period also in which the clashing interests of another large portion of mankind is greatly becoming amalgamated, settled, and recognised,—that, namely, of India, where nearly a hundred and fifty millions of people, who are likewise an ancient race, are fast acquiring a community of interests and purposes. It is moreover a period in which another ancient nation, that of Egypt, has developed both physical and mental resources competent to re-acquire for it the independence which has long been lost. Passing westward through Europe many of the same kind of phenomena are perceptible, and upon crossing the Atlantic the mind is presented with the view of a *continent of Republics*. This last expression perhaps needs qualification, but not much. The basis of the English constitution is republican, and so likewise is that of its great dependencies the British Provinces of America. Brazil also is nominally an empire, but what is it in reality, or at least what will it be within a generation of time? Taking a bird's flight in devious tracks over the Pacific we again see the gratifying phenomena of independent Kingdoms rising fast into civilization and refinement, which less than a century ago were the abodes of men in the lowest grades of savage life.

Now all these things actually *press* themselves upon our attention; they seem to demand our consideration for they are so completely in opposition to all the ideas of the history and of the moral condition treated on in the books which furnished the bases of our early education that we are compelled to pause and consider the great fact, and ask ourselves "how can these things be? By what visible agency has this been brought about?" In seeking the proper answer to the latter question we stumble upon a most astonishing truth, we find that visible agency in the records of a people who originally were among the most obscure, and, occupying an extreme and almost unknown position in the geography of our world, have gradually and imperceptibly spread themselves in every direction, giving laws, liberties, useful arts, and exercising authoritative influence over every land on the surface of the globe. THE ANGLO-SAXONS!

The fact of this is undeniable, but the grandeur and the importance of it is deducible only from an analysis of the history of that remarkable race, and it may be well to commence an investigation of their origin, progress, and the causes which have led to so remarkable a pre-eminence as they now enjoy, and are probably destined to enlarge, in the destinies of nations. We propose, therefore, to occupy a short space in our columns occasionally, in endeavouring to trace the history of our race—for of such we believe our readers to be generally—from its lowly and simple origin, and in marking the peculiarities which produced their present distinguished position among the sons of men.

Whilst the exploits of Semiramis, of Sesostris, of Cyrus, of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Nadir Shah, of Tamerlane, and of others up to Napoleon, inclusive, have been among the most attractive and remembered names of history, for which libraries have been ransacked, authorities quoted, and disputations carried on continuously; how slowly have mankind turned their attention towards the history of a particular race which has been constantly making its conquests secure upon the firmest basis, constantly increasing in dominion and real power, and is evidently advancing towards emphatical moral command over all the world! We allude to the Teutonic race, or rather that portion of it which forms the subdivision called The Anglo Saxons. Until very recently how little has been remarked of the advances of this people towards the important position in which they seem destined to stand. Like travellers ascending a long and gentle acclivity from the summit of which there is suddenly presented on the other side a widely extensive and rich prospect mankind have proceeded through successive generations regardless, or nearly so, of what this important northern branch of the human family is engaged upon, until suddenly and astonishingly the great truth bursts upon their understanding.

We are all inclined to busy ourselves with the present, or in forming schemes for the future, rather than to trouble ourselves with the irrevocable past; for getful that, of the three great divisions of time, the past is the only one capable of supplying lessons and examples for our guidance through the other two; and when any one would invite our attention so far back as to times approaching the period of the deluge, we are apt to throw a smile of contempt into our

countenance whilst we exclaim, "What have our immediate post diluvian ancestors to do with our present national condition?" They have more to do with it than at first glance we would suppose—more to do with it than they themselves were ever aware of—and perhaps we shall never arrive at the proper result of the enquiry without going to the fountain-head for our principles, and tracing out their ramifications through the many centuries which have elapsed down to the present.

If the "great moral lesson," as *the Duke* says, can be shown, which exhibits a grand and comprehensive plan of Divine Providence, a wonderful bringing about from beginnings the most improbable to human conceptions, yet all harmoniously conducted, by which our early and most barbarous progenitors were to be the fathers of those who should regenerate the nations of the earth, and furnish them with the most stable institutions of which humanity is capable, it will not only be grateful to our *amour propre*, but will furnish us with new incentives to persevere in the career which our forefathers pursued and which we have followed; it will even impress upon us responsibilities of which perhaps we were not previously conscious, and we may become greatly stimulated to preserve a moral superiority when we shall be satisfied that it is part of our high destiny as a farther working out of the Divine plan for the comfort and happiness of mankind.

Now all this we think is capable of proof, and the demonstration is at once important and pleasing. We therefore say thus much by way of introduction, and hope in future articles to make it clear.

We give to-day another phase of Mr. O'Connell, and most truly do we regret that he ever forsook it. It would have carried him to the highest point of professional eminence and advancement, and would have enabled him to be the benefactor of his countrymen in a much more peaceable and constitutional manner than that upon which he has proceeded. But the very consciousness of his dexterity as an advocate must have no small share in his incitement to become the demagogue of a party, more especially with the additional incentive of early dislike to the Union, and the lingering hope of emancipation. But the very circumstance of his being so well able to *play* any part or passion that would be suitable to his end of obtaining a verdict for his client, is the circumstance which should lead one to be careful of giving him too ready a credit for sincerity now when he has a more important character to act, and a more important verdict at stake. There are people in the world so anxious to *prove* enough for their cause, that they *prove* too much; and this we think to be Mr. O'Connell's case. As an advocate he must have been an invaluable man, particularly in that apparent forgetfulness of self which caused him to throw his whole soul into the cause which he had in hand, and still more especially in that safety which each client must have felt in reposing his *trust* upon such a counsellor. Yet still in all this we see, or fancy we see, a degree of self-complacency in his talents and tact, which has led him to push his words and actions to the very verge of legal safety, under the idea that he not only knew well where to stop, but could confide in himself to make the stop at the proper time. He has been many times successful in this presumption, but we incline to think that he has at length been hurried over the bounds and will not be permitted to retrace his steps.

Of Mr. O'Connell's sincerity in the matter of his religious principles we have not a doubt, the place to which he was early sent to receive his education is all but conclusive to that conviction, and the invectives which have been poured upon him on that score from fanatics of a different creed, are deservedly beneath his contempt. Not so when he makes it a stalking horse for his political purposes and gains the churchmen of the Romish religion to be instrumental in working out his ends. In short his cunning,—and cunning is always short-sighted,—and his duplicity,—and duplicity ever betrays itself in the long-run—"must give us pause" ere we assign to him the character of even a *mistaken* patriot.

OUR PLATE OF WASHINGTON.

We most sincerely regret that we cannot forward to subscribers, so rapidly as we could wish, their copies of our Plate. We can only assure them that there shall not be one moment's needless delay. They are sent forth as quickly as we can get them from the Press, but the plate being so unusually large prevents the printer from taking off more than comparatively a few daily. Added to which our subscription list increases to a degree which we had not dared to hope, and thus our parcels of copies become exhausted immediately after they are brought to the office. We beg the kind forbearance of distant friends for a very short time, and will attend to them with all possible dispatch.

Whilst we are upon this subject we would avail ourselves,—for it is an honest pride—of testimonials, in favor of our plate which come from high authority. Of these we have many in our possession, but shall content ourselves with quoting from a few.

From General Jackson.

"You could not have presented me with any other mark of your kindness and respect, so acceptable as the portrait of the immortal Washington, the father of his country. I esteem this gift more highly now, because in the month of October 1835, with the burning of my House on the Hermitage, I lost the portrait of Washington, by Stuart, with many other valuable relics. This replaces Washington, which I intend to bequeath to my rising family, with his farewell address, as the most valuable legacy I could leave them. It is a perfect likeness, and does great credit to the artist."

From Ex-President Van Buren.

"You do not, in my judgment, overrate the merit of the work when you describe it as unsurpassed by any specimen of American skill in the same department of art."

From Governor Bouck.

"It appears to me like an excellent likeness; and I regard it as an elegant specimen of American skill."

From Hon. J. K. Paulding.

"Be pleased to accept my acknowledgements for the fine proof likeness of Washington, and the accompanying number of the Anglo American you were kind enough to send me. The former does great credit to the artist, and the name of the editor is a sufficient guaranty that the latter will always be conducted with taste and ability."

To the above among many others to which we might refer with pride and pleasure, we shall merely add one more, it is from a literary periodical the criticisms in which have always carried weight and authority in the world of taste.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for Jan., 1844.

"The 'Anglo-American' literary journal has just issued to its subscribers one of the finest counterfeit presentments of Washington that we have ever seen. * * If this superior engraving is a sample of what the patrons of the 'Anglo-American' are hereafter to expect from its publishers, it is easy to foresee that that spirited journal has entered upon a long career of popularity."

From certificates like these we trust that we are fully justified in the belief that we have rendered good service both to taste and patriotism, in thus multiplying recollections of one of the most eminent men in his own or any other times, and in giving them with such acknowledged fidelity and vigor. We conclude therefore by repeating that with all prudent celerity the several copies shall be delivered in to the hands of those who are entitled to receive them.

Chess.—Of all the contrivances for mere recreation, there is not one that can approach toward the excellency of Chess. Billiards give scope for a greater amount of physical exertion, and that game affords fine exercise within doors; in the latter also there is fine exertion of judgment in the operation of projectiles and discrimination of sight. But the variety of moves on the chessboard are so numerous and systematic, there is so much of plan and tactic in its operations, it is so necessary to look forward to consequences in the moves, there is so much analogy in it to the moves and countermoves of human life, it tries so largely both the faculties and the temper, and possesses so many other inherent qualities, that the study of it may be well considered the study of a science, and the practice of it a diversion worthy of the highest intellect, a recreation of the most dignified character.

We have been led into these few words of remark from the fact of having fallen in with the report of a match lately played between Messrs. Staunton and St. Amant, both eminent men in the game. We have given that report in another part of our columns to-day, and would recommend to chess-players to follow out the game as there given, as excellent practice, particularly if they take the pains to study each move before they proceed to the next and endeavour to ascertain the inward reasoning of each competitor. They may likewise make it useful by playing the varieties suggested in the successive notes, and trying what results they can produce by taking up the variations. These games have interested the chess players of Europe so greatly that we presume they will have a similar effect on the players of this continent,—many of whom are justly eminent. We shall therefore endeavour to obtain the remaining eight of the eleven games agreed to be played, and give them insertion as they may occur.

St. George's Society Ball.—This splendid affair came off at Niblo's Garden, on Friday evening, the 29th ult., and it certainly was the most recherche festivity that we have ever witnessed in this city, whether we consider it as to the visitors, the decorations, the music, the dancing, or the comestibles. The decorative portion of the business was decidedly unique; all round the saloon were placed a profusion of elegant casts, both full length and busts; among them were the muses, sages, and heroes of antiquity, British worthies, both martial and civil, and at the upper end of the room there were two full length casts, representing the Queen and Prince Albert. The draperies around were ample and tastefully displayed; among them were the British and American ensigns, smaller flags of various devices, and in particular those which are intended by the Yorkshire gentlemen for presentation to the New Packet-ship Yorkshire, which will take her place in the old Ball line on the 16th instant. The Band was the excellent one of Mr. Dodworth, and most efficiently was it conducted. The company were in high spirits, and the general effect was infinitely more like that of a private party of friends than a public ball. Every one seemed to be acquainted with every one else, consequently stiffness and unnecessary restraint were thrown aside, all was hilarity, yet completely consistent with good-breeding, and we venture to say that never did a company enjoy themselves more upon such an occasion. At supper the tables groaned with good things, and to speak truth ample justice was done to them; but one general feeling seemed to prevail, that the saloon was the best place of enjoyment, and the parties were shortly back to their places on the floor. Dancing was kept up until past three o'clock, the visitors appearing loath to separate from so agreeable a meeting. We are happy to add that a very satisfactory amount was produced in aid of the charitable funds of St. George's Society of this city.

Literary Notices.

THERESE DUNOYER. By Eugene Sue. New York: Winchester. We cannot do this clever work greater justice than by quoting from the American editor's preface. He tells us that "Therese Dunoyer, on its publication in Paris, created a lively sensation, and added largely to the celebrity of its author. . . . It is truly a remarkable story—remarkable alike for the scenes it depicts, and the characters it exhibits. In the latter there are strong original traits, which remind one of the happiest of Bulwer's conceptions."

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, for January, 1844. We hail the appearance of Vol. XXIII, No. 1, of this Magazine; it needs no higher eulogium. A periodical which enumerates so many volumes in its series, and can display such an array of highly distinguished literary names, in its list of contributors, as the Knickerbocker does, carries its own certificate of merit. It reads as well, and looks as well, as ever, and we think is destined to a long and healthy career in the world of letters.

KOHL'S "IRELAND."—This very happily descriptive work is just published by the Harpers in the neat and cheap style for which so many of their latest publications are remarkable. It is altogether unnecessary for us to enlarge upon the literary merits of a book from which we have been more than once glad to make copious extracts into our own columns. All Mr. Kohl's writings in this department of literature are worthy of high commendation.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—We beg the earnest attention of all musical amateurs to an advertisement of this Society in our columns to-day. We have more than once had occasion to speak of it in encomiastic terms, and frankly confess ourselves warmly interested in its favour. It falls in with wishes which we have reiterated times and again, for an institution which should cultivate the sweet and graceful madrigal, the harmonious glee, and the curious canon. It occupies many in its performance, and, as an almost necessary consequence, it gratifies many besides the audience. It necessarily includes the cultivation of music as a science, and a more healthy recreation can hardly be found. The Madrigal has not yet had fair play in this country, its effects are scarcely even known to the public, for the latter upon being told that madrigals are sustained by numerous voices from five to a hundred imagine that it will be as noisy as the Hallelujah Chorus. It is no such thing; madrigals are sung with the greatest possible delicacy, and the closest attention to the musical marks which gave the light and shade—so to speak—of sweetest music. The character of madrigal music, whether of the melodies or of the harmonies, takes its stamp from the old school which originated it; it is quaint, but that very quaintness is its greatest charm. The New York Vocal Society has, we know, been most assiduous in its practice, and has brought this department into excellent order; we can most conscientiously, and we do earnestly, press our readers to be present at this fine performance which will take place at the Washington Hotel on Thursday evening next.

The Drama.

Our account of the drama this week is very meagre indeed. At the *Bowery Theatre* they have "The Mysteries of Paris," and "Aladdin," to crowded houses; at the *Olympic* they are playing some of their numerous stock pieces to large audiences, and at *Niblo's Amphitheatre* the equestrian exercises continue as attractive as ever. The *Park Theatre* has not been in operation since Monday evening, and we have not learnt anything of future movements. It was said that the Italian troupe would play a series of operas, but some screw is loose there. The fact is, that the professors of harmony are the most discordant people in the world, and Italian vocalists especially. Each individual is covered with the conceit of being greater and better than any one else, and believes that the interests of music should take precedence of all others. Now, deeply as we are enamoured of the divine art, we cannot subscribe to so sweeping an article, and are tempted to wish that some of the most impertinent were temporarily punished by pinching poverty; it might bring them to their senses, and repress those extravagant notions of their own importance.

"Don't you think my execution of Othello a capital performance? It is in my line, is it not?" asked an eminent tragedian of Cooke. "Why, yes," replied the provoking punster, "all executions may be considered capital performances; and your performance of Othello is certainly one of that class, for you execute him, in your line, so effectually, that as soon as you lay hands upon him, he is no Moor."

The London Punch tells the following way "to play All-Fours":—"Drink some bottled stout, two bottles of port, a glass of Maraschino, a jorum of whiskey punch, and a tumbler of British Brandy; and you will find, before you get home, how very easy it is to play at all fours."

THE SECOND ANNUAL BALL of the **ALERT BOAT CLUB** will be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday Evening, Jan. 29, 1844. Tickets, \$1 each, admitting a Gentleman and Ladies, to be had at Atwill's Music Store, and at Tammany Hall, or from any of the Members. Jan. 6-4t.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—F. C. TUCKER, Esq., President.—The first Concert of the above Society will take place on Thursday, the 11th inst., at the Washington Hotel, Broadway. It will consist of Vocal Music, in parts, by a Choir of 100 voices, interspersed with Instrumental Music, for full particulars of which, see small Bills.

Terms to the Society's 4 Concerts, entitling the Subscriber to 3 admissions to each, \$10, with the privilege of purchasing 2 extra to any Concert at \$1.50 each. Books for Subscriptions are open at the Music Stores of Messrs. Atwill & Co., Messrs. Dubois & Co., Messrs. Stodart & Co., Messrs. Hoyer & Co., and at the Residence of J. W. ROSIER, Sec'y, 84 Prince Street. Jan. 6-4t.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREKS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y. REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven'ble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-4t.

WEBSTER AND NORTON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

L. J. Webster,
A. L. Norton.

New Orleans.

Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y. Aug. 26-4t.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Long had the Drama in our western world,
Mourned o'er her priestless shrines and vacant throne;
Long had sad genius with his pinions furled
Surveyed the scenes almost "to ruin grown."
The tragic muse that erst so proudly won,
Fair Beauty's tears—of manly souls the praise,—
Who o'er her altars had refulgent shone,
And there dispensed the poet's greenest bays,
Now crownless sat and wept o'er long departed days.

But from the land where sleep the immortal dead,
From soil made honoured in its Shakspeare's tomb,
From the proud bride to classic Drama wed
By ties that fail not till "the crack of doom."
From isles that genius glories to illumine,
With statesmen, sages, scholars most profound,—
Where still the Stage retains its fadeless bloom—
Where still its votaries are with triumphs crowned—
Comes one in whom worth, skill, and genius all abound.

Wearing the wreaths with which the Father-land
Had largely crowned him—all fair tribute due,—
Cheered by the kindest wishes of the band
Who saw the drama in him rise to view;
He left them all, the kind, the tried, the true,
To gain a welcome on our distant shore,
Where conversant with him were not a few,
Where still re-echoed was the name he bore,
And where his laurels now, would swell his earlier store.

And who that view'd his matchless strokes of art—
Art only so far, reading true the bard,—
But felt within his unlocked bosom start
Emotion's tides?—the Actor's best reward!
And who that witness'd could withhold regard
To voice, words, gesture, more than force of will?
And who that heard could from the mind discard
The thought that here was more than human skill—
That art alone were weak, the heart's chords thus to thrill!

In every rôle by giant minds upheld,
Exacting homage due from every age;
Those vast conceptions which like billows swelled,
O'er Shakspeare's brain, and eternised his page—
Macbeth's fond schemes, Othello's jealous rage,
The griefs of Hamlet, and the wrongs of Lear,
With all that lends a lustre to the Stage
That stirs the heart, or startles it with fear,
Has he as much command, as hunter o'er his spear.

Mine has the study ever been, to scan
The master spirits of my well loved Art
That, from their bright examples I might plan
Rule for my guidance to "play well my part."
For yearnings after fame have stirred my heart,
And hopes, although presumptuous ones, been mine,
Yefnow I bid these phantoms all depart,
For who that sees him can expect to twine,
With his, a wreath of bays worth casting on Fame's Shrine?

MACREADY, if my muse seem all too tame,
To sketch aright the thoughts I would reveal,
Let not the heart be censured, for the blame
That hand may not indite the half I feel;
For, as I write, across my memory steal
The seasons when I in thy conquests shared,
And knew how vain—yet earnest—was the zeal
With which I strove—although all unprepared—
To compass the proud heights, my wild ambition dared.

Long after thou hast left us, men will speak
Of thine all matchless skill, thy well stored mind,
As kindling memories about them break
The spells, which erring prejudice would wind;
Then will thy name be in all hearts enshrined,
Thy genius well-remembered; and thy name
Placed 'mong those wondrous teachers of mankind,
Who ever may a nation's high reverence claim,
And e'en midst change of times be still revered the same.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1843.

STEVENS' WAR BATTERY.

We copy from the Army & Navy Chronicle the following letter from Robert L. Stevens, Esq., giving a general description of the floating battery, of his invention, now in the process of construction in New York harbor:—

The steam battery, or vessel above referred to, is to be constructed upon a plan entirely new, invented by the writer, and is to be shot and shell proof; she is to have greater speed than any vessel of war now afloat; the engines and propelling apparatus are to be so placed that the latter shall be submerged, and the whole engine out of the way of shot from the vessel of any enemy. Her guns are to be large and adapted both to shot and shells; her burden not to be less than 1,500 tons.

The practicability of rendering such a vessel proof against shot and shells, is not a theoretical assumption, but has been proved by the test of positive experiments. These experiments were recently made at Sandy Hook, under the superintendence of Messrs. John C. and Edwin A. Stevens, and in the presence of a joint board of army and navy officers, appointed by the Government. From their result, no doubt whatever remains of the fact, that a series of wrought iron boiler pieces, riveted together and placed upon each other, until the strata amount to four and a half inches in thickness, will effectually resist the force of 64 lb. shot, when fired with battering charges, at the distance of thirty yards. Fifteen or twenty shot were also fired at this distance, and from guns of different calibres, against a target thus constructed, and were made to strike against it within a space of about two feet by four; and these produced so little effect

as to leave it in a fit state to protect any thing in its rear against a similar force. Shells fired from the same distance, scarcely indented the iron, and both shot and shells were invariably broken into small fragments.

The above named experiments were tried under the supervision of the officers of the army and navy. At the last of these, the writer, who had just returned from Europe, was present, and trials were then made upon the effect of shells of a peculiar construction, which were prepared by him. These shells are hermetically sealed, and are effectually secured from accidental explosion, either from fire or violent concussion; they are perfectly safe, also, from injury by submersion in water. They are so constructed as to explode after having penetrated the object against which they are discharged; and, being elongated, contain three times as much powder as the common shell of the same calibre; they do not require the use of mortars, but may be fired from the guns in ordinary use. Out of twenty of these shells which were discharged into timber, or into banks of sand, nineteen exploded in the manner anticipated, rendering their action sufficiently certain, and evincing the possession of properties not possessed by any other shell, and producing effects which were actually tremendous.

It will be manifest that a steam vessel, or battery, fortified in the manner above described, and furnished with the means of rapid propulsion, would be able to approach an adversary's vessel so securely and so closely, as to render it nearly impossible to miss her with shells fired horizontally; and it does appear that a vessel possessing the properties above enumerated, would be able to attack and destroy any fleet of steamers, or of sailing ships, as now constructed, which might be sent to attack a city or to blockade a port. The part of such a vessel through which the guns are fired, having a thickness of four or five inches only, might have port holes but little larger than the muzzle of a gun, and yet allow it to be fired at any desired angle. These port-holes may be readily protected from cannister, grape, or other shot, by means of moveable screens, so constructed as to be removed and replaced with facility.

A single shell of large dimensions, and of the kind prepared by the writer, will suffice to sink the stoutest wooden vessel, if exploded within her sides, any where near the water line. The effect of such a shell upon a structure of wood was fully tested, under his superintendence, upon Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, upwards of twenty years ago. The experiments were made by order of the Government, in the presence of the late Col. House and several other officers, with the following result. A target of white oak was constructed in the strongest manner, by one of the best ship builders; it measured five feet in thickness, and the timbers were secured together by iron screw bolts passing entirely through the whole. This target was perforated by the explosion of a single shell, a hole being made in it through which a horse might have passed. Seven timbers of white oak, each measuring 12 by 16 inches, were torn into shreds and scattered to a great distance.

The foregoing plan of constructing and arming a vessel, with most of its details, has been matured for many years, and the delay in bringing it forward has resulted from a conviction that a period more favorable to its adoption than any that has heretofore occurred, would arrive; and it is believed that it has now actually arrived. The advantage of being the first to construct a vessel of this description, would be very great as it must render us secure for a long time against the vessels of war of other nations, as these would be required to be built anew. As a means of defence, it would be cheaper than any other; and in time of peace such a vessel would suffer but little from the ravages of time, and but few hands would be required to keep her in a proper condition for use. Her ventilation would be artificial, and constantly and thoroughly applied. In actual service, her crew, of all grades, would not, probably, exceed one hundred and fifty; she would need no rigging; with anthracite as fuel, she would not be rendered visible either by smoke or by sparks, and would, therefore, attract the notice of an enemy less, either by night or by day, than any other vessel.

Although a vessel, or battery, of the kind described, is equally adapted to the protection of all our ports, the harbor of New York will probably be considered as one of those the best fitted to a first experiment with it, if experiment it may be called. Its spaciousness, its great depth, and its vicinity to fresh water, which will render it easy at any time to free the bottom of the vessel from barnacles, concur in pointing it out as a suitable place for the purpose.

The knowledge of the existence of such a vessel would suffice to deter most commanders from risking an attack with a vessel of wood, where the chances were so decidedly against them.

ROBERT L. STEVENS.

BOUQUETS.—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the Season.—Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

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A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-1y.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum;" Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express.
Aug. 19-1y.

J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent,
No. 6 Ann Street